

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVE S.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office by Frank Tousey.*

No. 5.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## IN AND OUT; OR

THE TWO KING BRADYS ON A LIVELY CHASE.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



Over the edge of the trestle, Black Jake leaned with a hatchet. To cut the wire meant death to Young King Brady. With a revolver Sheehan held Old King Brady at bay.



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### HOWARD WALKER.-192 W CONGRESS ST

# IN AND OUT;

OR,

## TWO KING BRADYS ON A LIVELY CHASE.

### AN EXCITING DETECTIVE STORY.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE MESSENGER MYSTERY.

said President Chase, of the great People's w York City, tilting back in his chair after a g's work at his desk, "take this order to Cash-He will give you one million dollars in cur-it in your leather bag and bring it to me."

, sir."

is, the long time trusted messenger of the Peo-bowed and left the president's private office. y an ordinary request which he had received. es before he had executed the same sort of an ever when the amount in currency was quite

he office and went to the cashier's desk in the of the bank.

Sproule was an old and trusted employee. is assistant.

lways filled his place of trust with the confi-bank's directors and the esteem of its custom-

ed the order from President Chase with the long experience.

lion in currency," he said in a reflective man-lown, Jarvis. It will take some time."

closed the cashier's window, leaving the file of de the rail to call at the assistant cashier's win-he called two of the clerks.

d Dunn," he said sharply; "come with me!" clerks complied.

Into the great time-locked safe the three went.

When they came out they carried packages of bank notes. These were of very high denomination, one thousand dol-lar bills being the lowest.

These were cast upon an oaken table and the task of counting begun.

It is no slight job to count over the respectable sum of one million dollars.

It was nearly an hour before the cashier and his clerks had finished.

All this while Tom Jarvis had waited patiently. Then the cashier deposited the bank notes in the great leather bag and placed his wax seal on the back.

Jarvis then started for the bank president's office.

The wax seal cleared the cashier and his clerks. It also, on being rendered to Mr. Chase unbroken, cleared Jarvis at that stage of the game.

Now the bank president was a man of scrupulous exact-ness.

He caused Tom Jarvis to seat himself while he broke the cashier's seal and counted the bank notes himself.

He found the amount correct.

Then he closed the bag and placed his own seal on the lock. He passed the bag over to Jarvis, saying:

"Take this bag of currency and this letter to Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co., in Wall street. They will give you a receipt for the same against that amount in gold, which they will return to us as soon as possible. We want the gold for foreign exchange. You understand?"

"All right, sir," said Jarvis, shouldering the bag "I will bring you a receipt."

From time immemorial it has been the custom of bank-



ing houses to send money and valuable papers back and forth through the crowded streets of the city by personal messenger.

When you go through Wall or Broad or any other great banking street and meet a man with a leather bag under his arm or over his shoulders you may safely wager that he is a bank messenger and that he carries a large sum of money.

Seldom does a loss occur.

There are on record cases of the absconding of the messenger or his attempted holdup, but they are few.

Usually the money goes safely and everything is all right.

These messengers are usually sharp, practical men. They know the trust reposed in them and take pride in executing it.

So President Chase delivered the bag containing the million dollars in currency to Tom Jarvis without a second thought or the least tremor of apprehension.

Now Tom took the bag nonchalantly and threw it over his shoulder.

He walked out of the private office.

He passed out of the bank.

He was lost to sight in the crowd which surged up and down Broadway.

And that was the last ever seen of Tom Jarvis, bank messenger, by any in that bank.

He dropped from sight as effectually as if swallowed up in the earth or dissolved into nothingness.

No living person could be found who had seen him on the street or anywhere after that.

A startling and powerful mystery!

That was what it became.

New York never knew a greater.

Tom was not missed until closing hour at the bank.

Then it was recalled that he had not returned. Inquiry was made.

A messenger was sent in hot haste to Heidelberg & Ickelheimer's. The news he brought nearly prostrated Mr. Chase.

Jarvis had not been there.

What did it mean?

The first and natural conclusion was that he had fled with the million for some foreign land.

In such a case it would no doubt be possible to trace him and he would be sure sooner or later to be arrested.

Great excitement reigned at the bank.

The loss of one million dollars in one day was a shock which any bank must feel. For a time matters were serious.

The bank's doors were closed for that day to all but the clerks and the officers.

Everything possible was done.

Central office detectives came out in a legion and spread themselves everywhere. Every possible clew was followed.

Outgoing steamers were boarded, as were trains watched and every suspicious man was shadowed.

There were detectives who called themselves "motive men," who never undertook any case without first deter-

mining the motive. Then they followed it up—I hope at least—with successful deductions which surely brought the criminal to justice.

There are plenty of theorists in all kinds of trades have

But the detective theorist is like the fungi ory keen summer rain which springs up in a night and over everything.

The newspapers, of course, were out with all their stories. Reporters, claiming priority of discovery credit for their respective newspapers, were deluged with all sorts of theories.

But all was theory.

Not one fact was evolved beyond that first estimate that Tom Jarvis with one million dollars in currency disappeared in broad daylight on the most crowded thoroughfare of New York, and left not so much as a feather behind him.

The cable was worked to foreign countries. Yard detectives haunted the wharves of Liverpool and the Thames.

East, west, north and south the telegraph wires were working.

Night and day men panted and struggled and planned and plotted and theorized and guessed.

But in vain.

People scanned the papers every morning and looked for extras during the day. Interest was at fever heat.

An attempt was made to trace the lost million numbers on the bank notes and greenbacks. But it was absurd. The numbers could not be recalled.

Then news of arrests came in.

Men from far parts of the country were arrested and even held in prison.

But in every case they were proved not guilty. Days became weeks and weeks months.

Tom Jarvis and the million seemed to have been forever into space.

The People's Bank did not assign, nor even suspect the directors were wealthy men and pledged themselves to make good the loss.

But not for a moment was the effort abated to find the lost million.

President Chase was nearly prostrated.

He grew pale and haggard and thin. Every one of the bank suffered from the fearful strain.

Many depositors were frightened away and the business began to decrease. Affairs were growing gloomy.

At this juncture President Chase, by the advice of his friends, consulted the Secret Service detectives.

This highest branch of detective service in the United States contained many bright and shrewd men.

The chief of the Secret Service listened calmly to Chase's tale. Then he said quietly:

"My dear sir, many of our detectives are at work on this case."

"I am glad to hear that," cried the bank manager, "trust they will be successful."

"At any moment they may strike the scent."

"I await with impatience such news."

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"I hope you will not wait in vain."  
 "But, to tell the truth, I am not hopeful."  
 "Pshaw!" said the chief. "More puzzling cases than this have been solved in a very short time. We have some very keen men."  
 "Who do you consider the most valuable man in the United States to-day to put on this case?"  
 Mr. Chase asked the question seriously.  
 The chief looked up quickly.  
 For a moment he was nonplussed. Then he nodded his head.  
 "I can tell you."  
 "I shall be glad to hear."  
 "There are two men who work together very successfully. You may have heard of them. They are called the two Bradys."  
 "The Two Bradys?"  
 "Yes."  
 President Chase studied a moment.  
 "The name of Brady is familiar," he said. "Where have I heard it before? Oh, I recall. There was a famous detective who went by the name of Old King Brady."  
 "Just so!"  
 "Is he one of them?"  
 "He is. His companion is a young protege, who is scarcely inferior to James Brady himself, and to whom the old detective has imparted his valuable secret methods. He will yet be the old man's successor."  
 Mr. Chase was interested.  
 "And what is this young detective's name?" he asked.  
 "His name is Brady, just the same, though he is not a flesh and blood relative. He is called Harry Brady, and known also as Young King Brady."  
 "Old and Young King Brady," said Mr. Chase thoughtfully. "I wonder if they would consent to undertake this case?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MAN IN BLUE GOGGLES.

The bank president looked interrogatively at the chief. The latter bowed pleasantly.  
 "I have no doubt they would," he said, "but——"  
 "What?"  
 "I do not know where they are at this particular moment."  
 "That is unfortunate. Doubtless they have heard of the disappearance of Jarvis?"  
 "Without doubt."  
 "I don't see how they could help being interested."  
 "No, nor is it likely. If I could only locate them it would be an easy matter, I think, to induce them to undertake the case."  
 "Are they not apt to turn up at any moment?"  
 "Certainly."

"I will put a personal in a newspaper which they will see——"

"No," said the chief emphatically. "That is the worst thing you could do. Old King Brady is a remarkable man, but he is also very eccentric. He would not be at all pleased to have you do that. You had better leave the matter in my hands and I will see him at the first opportunity. He generally shows up here whenever a case as important as this turns up."

"Very well," said Mr. Chase, rising. "I leave all with you. Do the best you can."

"I certainly will."

The bank president departed.

As he emerged from the building he almost ran into a man of peculiar appearance. He was tall and strongly built, but German whiskers adorned his chin and he wore dark blue goggles.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said in a voice which was tinged with a slight foreign accent.

"Mine is the offence, sir," declared Mr. Chase. "Pardon me."

As Mr. Chase went briskly along the street the man in blue goggles turned and watched him.

Then he followed him.

He was like an adroit shadow, being always behind the banker, but never revealing himself.

Mr. Chase never realized that he was being followed.

He had not the slightest idea of it.

Mr. Chase made his way directly to the People's Bank. A long file of people were at the door.

They were depositors.

The door was barred and the cashier stood behind it expostulating with some excited men who wished to enter.

As the bank president appeared they turned to him.

"How is this?" cried one of them. "Our money is in this bank subject to check. It is past the hour for opening and we cannot do business until we are able to draw our funds. Has the bank suspended?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Chase. "The bank is all right and sound, but our clerks have not yet got through balancing as a result of the loss of one million dollars by our messenger, and which amount our foreign exchanges have held us accountable for."

"For that we are not to blame," persisted the depositor. "We want our money, and must have it!"

"And you shall have it just as soon as we are able to pay it over our counter," declared President Chase. "This bank is perfectly solvent. Have no fear."

His words seemed to reassure some, but not all.

Loud murmuring was heard and the crowd surged against the bank doors.

The cashier, through the glass, made a sign to Mr. Chase. It was evident that the bank president could not enter the place by means of that door.

The man with the blue goggles was on the opposite side of the street in the shadow of a doorway.

He was watching not Mr. Chase now, but another man who hovered on the verge of the crowd.



This man was tall and endowed with a hawk-like cast of features.

His collar was turned up and the brim of his hat pulled down. One hand was kept constantly in his coat pocket.

Mr. Chase had understood the signal of the cashier. It was:

"Come to the rear entrance."

By turning the corner of Broadway into the cross street at the end of the bank building there was to be found a door.

This opened into a passage which led into an enclosed area or court back of the bank.

Here steps led up to the bank's rear entrance. The depositors knew nothing of this fact.

Mr. Chase, therefore, did not attempt to enter the bank by the front entrance. He extricated himself from the throng and then turned into the side street.

It did not take him long to enter the passage by means of the side door.

It was an entrance to the area used by tenants of other buildings which enclosed the court also.

Mr. Chase disappeared into the passage.

He had hardly done so when a man glided up to the door and slid in after him.

It was the tall man with the hawk-like features. His hand was withdrawn from his coat pocket as he did so.

It held a leaden slungshot.

One man saw this.

It was the man with blue goggles.

He was right behind the fellow, and as he vanished into the passage he went noiselessly after him.

He was not a moment too soon.

The tall man was a would-be murderer. His intended victim was President Chase of the People's Bank.

As Mr. Chase emerged into the court he heard a swish-ing sound behind him and the slight scraping of feet.

He turned quickly.

And as he did so horror froze his heart and held him for an instant motionless and powerless.

He saw a man with the features of a maniac rushing upon him with a slungshot, apparently with the purpose of murdering him.

Mr. Chase was not a cowardly man.

He was an army veteran and had faced death unflinchingly.

But at that moment he was warranted in a species of hopeless terror. The attack was so sudden and so swift that he was unable to hardly make a defence.

The next moment the unknown was upon him. The slungshot came down with fearful force.

But it was instinct which prompted Mr. Chase to throw up his arm.

The leaden missile struck the forearm instead of the skull. Every bone was crushed, but the bank president's life was saved.

For behind the would-be assassin came swifter even than he the man with the blue goggles.

He was upon the assassin with the force and agility of a

panther. Around the court both men went in a deadly struggle.

But the man in goggles was the winner. He crushed the would-be murderer to the pavement and held him there.

Then, quick as a flash, he had handcuffed him and also tied his ankles. He lay powerless on the stone flagging.

Then the man in goggles ran to assist the wounded banker. But Mr. Chase had crept to the rear steps of the bank and was sitting there.

He was pallid and faint.

But he was conscious.

"You are badly hurt," said the man with blue goggles. "But your life is saved, and you may be thankful."

"Who are you, and who is that fellow?" asked Mr. Chase faintly.

"That fellow is a thug and a murderer known as Red Ellis. You will appear against him and send him to Sing Sing. See?"

"Yes, yes," repeated the banker. "Oh, will you call medical aid?"

The man in blue goggles sprung up the bank steps.

He pounded on the door.

The cashier came hastily to it. As he swung it open the man in blue goggles pointed to Mr. Chase and to Red Ellis:

"Get a surgeon at once. Send in an ambulance call and ring the police alarm. Be lively!"

Now in the bank there was an ambulance call, as well as a police signal. The cashier ran to pull them. When he returned to the courtyard the man in blue goggles was gone.

Mr. Chase speedily explained matters to the cashier, however.

Then came the police.

They instantly took the handcuffed prisoner, Red Ellis, away in the patrol wagon. The ambulance surgeons cared for Mr. Chase and placed his arm in splints. Then he was driven home.

Half an hour later all the newspapers in New York had the story.

And it created intense excitement.

Mr. Chase, president of the People's Bank, had been set upon by Red Ellis, one of the worst thugs in Gotham, and nearly killed.

What did it mean?

What was the purpose of Ellis?

These were the questions on every tongue.

Was there any connection between this and the million dollar robbery? If so, what was the connection? Why should Ellis seek to assassinate Mr. Chase?

Was he the tool of others?

Had he been employed to do the deed?

His motive could hardly have been robbery in so public a place. Revenge seemed out of the question, for Mr. Chase had never come across him before in all his life.

Nor did he have an enemy, to the best of his knowledge. Surely here was a mystery.

The police were baffled.



But what puzzled them the most was another matter. Mr. Chase's life had been saved, by his own story, by a strange man who wore blue goggles.

And that man had disappeared before the officers arrived. He claimed no credit nor no reward for his brave deed.

But he had vanished as mist before the morning sun.

The best of efforts did not result in finding a trace of him or of inducing him to come forward.

Red Ellis was very obdurate and very sullen and would not talk.

He remained morose and non-committal all through his brief trial, which resulted in his commitment to Sing Sing for fifteen years.

The police were glad to get Ellis behind bars.

But this did not solve the mystery.

Nor was anything found to throw light upon the mysterious disappearance of Tom Jarvis and the million dollars in currency.

In vain detectives scoured the country.

They returned with only one thing.

Nothing!

Mr. Chase offered a substantial reward. Everything possible was done to bring the affair to light.

The People's Bank had now straightened out its affairs. Its resources proved equal to its losses and no receiver was needed. Its depositors regained confidence.

But one question now occupied the minds of the public as well as the police. Many believed that its solution meant the entire revelation of the mystery, which was the deepest known in Gotham for years. This question was:

Who was the man with the blue goggles?

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TWO HOBOES.

One hour after the capture of Red Ellis and the incidents described as transpiring in the courtyard back of the People's Bank, a man of remarkable appearance made his way with long strides down Park Place from Broadway.

Few who met him refrained from turning their heads and gazing after him.

And a number could have told you his name and much about him.

He was tall and powerfully built.

He was an old man, as his snow-white hair, closely cut, would attest, but his strong features, cast in an iron mould, his elastic step and bearing proved him young in purpose if not in years.

He wore a blue coat tightly buttoned and a broad-brimmed white felt hat.

Old King Brady, the greatest sleuth New York had ever known, was the name by which this famous man was known.

James Brady, he always signed himself in modest fashion. In nothing was he ostentatious.

But the haunts of crime, of vice and of depravity knew him well.

No greater scavenger of the criminal class ever set foot on the pavements of the great metropolis.

Old King Brady strode down Park Place until he reached the elevated station of the Sixth avenue line of cars.

He ascended these steps and paid his way onto the platform.

A train boomed up to the landing. But the old detective did not board it.

Another and another came.

Then the guard cried:

"Harlem train! Express for Harlem!"

Old King Brady looked at his watch.

It was six minutes of four.

Without hesitation he stepped aboard the train. He passed into the car.

In one of the seats there was a young man of appearance almost as remarkable as Old King Brady himself.

He affected something of the same style of dress, wearing the same kind of hat.

But his coat fitted better and his general appearance partook more of the spick and span characteristics of youthful pride.

Old King Brady sat down beside him as if he had expected to find him in just that place at just that time.

"Well, Harry," he said in a low tone of voice, "we have yet some daylight left."

Harry Brady, for it was really the young detective himself, replied as guardedly:

"Yes. I think we can accomplish something yet before dark."

It was evident that the two detectives had some work cut out before them.

"You have the letter?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

Nobody was in the seat next to Old King Brady. The younger detective drew from his pocket a bit of paper.

He gave it to Old King Brady.

Then it was seen that fragments of a letter had been pieced together and pasted on a larger sheet of paper.

These fragments contained what might have been hieroglyphics to the ordinary eye.

But both the Bradys were handwriting experts.

They had easily deciphered the torn epistle.

Thus it read:

"DEAR CON.—The durned perleece is affer mee like a streak an' I hev gut tew git outen Nu York. Thares a cribb up onter ther Hudson River trak in ther cutt these syde of Spiten Dyvil. Yew know howe ter gitt thare. Kum upp an' we will hev a tork about biznis. Yoo kno' whut. Kum Toosdy about 5 clock an' I will mete you at ther trane. Yures in haiste, JAKE SHAFER."



Old King Brady read this epistle closely and carefully. It was all there, despite the torn fragments.

He was silent and thoughtful for some while after reading it. He made a few notes in his notebook.

Then he gave the letter back to Young King Brady.

"One of this gang won't be there," he said laconically.

"Who?" asked Young King Brady.

"Red Ellis!"

"The deuce! Where is he?"

"At headquarters."

"They've got him?"

"Yes."

Young King Brady seemed surprised.

But the old detective looked about the car, then whispered something in his ear. The younger detective's face brightened.

"Good!" he cried. "I'm glad of it!"

Up town meanwhile the train had been flying. The intermediate stations to One Hundred and Fourth street had been passed.

The two detectives looked from the high trestle down upon the plains of Harlem. Soon they were alighting at the end of the road.

Then a cob-train was taken over to High Bridge. Here they got out and stood a while on the station platform.

After a while they began to leisurely walk up the railroad track. A train came flying along and passed them.

They plodded on, however, not stopping at any station to take a train. It was a long walk.

But when they finally came to a cut in a ledge through which the road ran, and which afforded them a secure and secluded spot from observation, they stopped.

Old King Brady drew from his pockets certain nondescript articles.

There was a wig and a short beard, cosmetics and dyes and a woolen cap.

He placed a pocket mirror in a niche of the ledge and began work.

Young King Brady did the same.

Both were adepts in the matter of disguise. In less time than it takes to tell it they had completely metamorphosed their appearance.

By turning their coats inside out, applying a few ingenious patches and making up their faces with cosmetics, donning the wigs and stubby beards, they became as pretty a pair of precious hoboes as one would care to meet in a day's travel.

"There," cried Old King Brady, "I am Ticklish Tim, and you——"

"I am Hungry Pete," replied Young King Brady with a laugh. "We'll do well to keep out of the hands of the selectmen of any of the country towns we pass through."

"I think we can fool the gang."

"Well, I reckon!"

"Come on!"

Again they tramped on.

Walking railroad sleepers is not the most enlivening occupation in the world.

But the detectives were persevering, and in due time reached the station at Spuyten Duyvil.

People were on the platform waiting for a train as they came along.

It is needless to say that the two hoboes at once attracted attention.

The well-bred people smiled and stared, others laughed out loud, and the rougher element whistled and jeered. It is deemed a privilege always by this class to heap personal abuse on the hobo or the luckless Chinnee who chances to come their way.

The detectives, however, kept on, coolly and unconcerned. But they were hardly past the station when Old King Brady whispered:

"Did you see him?"

"Who?"

"The Hindoo!"

"Hodji Singh?"

"Yes."

"Where was he?"

"On the platform. I think we had better watch him. Ah, here is a drink for us!"

In an outcropping ledge by the railroad track was a bubbling spring. A tin dipper hung by it.

The two hoboes paused to trifle with this.

"Do you see him now?"

"The tall chap in black?"

"Yes."

"He looks a veritable Mephistopheles. What do you suppose he is waiting there for—a train?"

Old King Brady shook his head.

"No," he replied. "You can see now."

The tall, dark individual with the slouch hat and cloak had stepped down from the platform and was walking swiftly up the track.

The two hoboes affected not to notice him as he approached.

But just before he came up, without looking at him, they swung out upon the railroad track.

For more than a mile they walked in front of the dark man. Indeed he seemed much disinclined to pass them.

But Old King Brady held a pocket mirror, with which he could see every movement of the tall Hindoo.

For such he was.

In New York the Hindoo palmist and magician, Hodji Singh, was known and somewhat famed as a strange man.

A man of mystery.

Where he came from or what his past no one knew. He had rooms on Sixth avenue, where his sign read:

"Rajah, Hodji Singh. Holder of the secrets of Nirvana. Indian necromancer and palmist. Horoscopes furnished by the ancient Hindoo method, the only reliable on earth."

Many were his gullible customers. Rich was the harvest he reaped among the credible and credulous class who believed in such matters as second-sight and clairvoyancy.

In common with all of his class, he claimed to be:

"The seventh son of the seventh son."

One thing was certain.



A more adroit rogue, a more unscrupulous villain, a more thorough impostor, could not be found from sun to sun.

Such was Hodji Singh.

No wonder then that the detectives kept a close watch on him and wondered what his business was up this way.

Hodji Singh kept along slowly in the rear of the detectives.

The two hoboes affected not to know that he was in their rear. They plodded along slowly.

Suddenly they halted.

They appeared to be searching for something in the sand of the railroad track. There was nothing now for the Hindoo but to pass them.

So he came along at a swifter walk and went past them.

The eagle eyes of the detectives scrutinized him. No detail escaped them.

As the Hindoo passed them he flashed a critical glance at them.

But it was plain that he was not disposed to regard them with suspicion, but only as a couple of dusty, travel-stained road wanderers.

But he had not gone a dozen yards when Old King Brady in a hoarse voice called:

"I say, boss, can't ye do somethin' fer a couple of poor blokes? We're dead broke."

Hodji flashed a glance at them over his shoulder and grinned in a diabolical way.

"My lot is harder than yours," he replied in good English. "I am strapped myself, and that's why I've taken to the road also."

"Oh, ye have?" cried Young King Brady. "Then mebber ye'll make friends wid us. We kin likely help ye."

The Hindoo paused as if by inspiration. He waited for the hoboes to come up. He scrutinized them carefully.

The scrutiny must have satisfied him, for two tougher specimens of the genus tramp he had never seen.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A DARK CONTRACT.

He showed his white teeth in a grin.

"Ah, sahibs!" he exclaimed, "if you are what I take you to be, and I was sure I could trust you, I could put you onto something which would make rich men of you."

Old King Brady danced a double-shuffle on the sleepers and Young King Brady turned a handspring.

"We're eligible, you kin bet!" cried the old detective. "Jest give us the layout. What's it like?"

"Have you got nerve?"

"Nerve!" The detectives made grimaces and signs. "Jest gin us a try!"

The Hindoo studied them shrewdly a moment.

He was evidently satisfied, for he nodded lightly and

came nearer. After casting a glance about him to make sure they were unobserved, he said:

"There's a million dollars involved in the job I am going to put you onto."

In spite of themselves the two detectives gave a great start.

A hundred startling questions flashed through their minds. But their faces were mobile and they betrayed no great interest.

"Wall," said Old King Brady, with unction, "we'll work fer a good deal less than a million, eh, Pete?"

"You bet, Tim!"

"Well, you'll get a good deal less than a million," said the Hindoo with a cunning smile; "but it will be a fortune for all that."

"We're your huckleberries!"

"What d'ye want of us?"

Hodji Singh consulted his watch and then looked at the declining sun.

"It will soon be dark," he declared. "Nothing can be done until then. I want to be sure that I can trust you and that you mean business, for the job I am going to propose is a dangerous and sharp one. What do you say?"

The two hoboes looked at each other and then at the Hindoo.

"What yer givin' us, anyway, Charlieboy?" said Old King Brady slangily. "Don't ye know we're on ther square? What more do ye want?"

"In course!" said Hungry Pete.

"What names do you carry?"

"I'm Hungry Pete."

"No, no. Your real name."

"Never had any other. Don't want any other. I'm a natural-born tramp. My father was a tramp an' me mother was a tramp, an' I was born on ther road. That's all the name they ever give me."

"Well, it looks as if it would fit you all right," said the Hindoo with a grin. "And you are Ticklish Tim?"

"That's my tag!"

"Well, it don't matter much about your names, anyway," said Hodji. "I reckon you'll do. But if you play me false——"

The light of a devil shone in the necromancer's eyes. He hissed:

"You had better never have been born. I'll not fail to bring a terrible retribution upon you."

"Let up on yer gassin'!" said Young King Brady testily. "Git down ter biz. What do ye want of us? Is it breakin' a bank or slittin' the gullet of an honest man?"

"It's just the other thing," said the Hindoo with a blood-curdling laugh. "It's cutting the throats of two of the biggest rogues and most notorious safe-breakers in New York City or State."

Old King Brady's eyes twinkled.

"Now yer gittin' down to bizness," he croaked.

"Well, there you are!"

"Who are these chaps?" asked Hungry Pete. "Put us onto 'em."

"We'll take keer of 'em," asserted Tim.



Hodji was satisfied now.

He believed he had secured a couple of tools whom he could trust. All his doubts were removed.

He looked back down the track toward the station.

A train had whistled.

Its headlight could be seen far down the track. It was already slowing up at the station.

"Here," he said hurriedly, "get over this ledge and lie quietly here a short while. You'll see the chaps whom I want you to put out of the way."

Hodji climbed the steep rocks and crouched down behind some boulders.

The detectives did the same.

It seemed as if the game was playing right into their hands. Matters were coming their way.

So far as present success went they could be said to be right "in it."

But they were destined speedily to find that this was to be only a temporary source of gratification, and at the next turn in affairs they would be "out of it."

They were entering upon what might be called the greatest "in and out" case which it ever fell to the lot of detectives to unravel.

With this single and explanatory announcement, let us "on with the story."

Hodji and the two disguised detectives continued to remain crouching behind the boulders in the railroad cut.

The train stopped at the station.

People got off.

Then the train came on and passed through the cut at a good rate of speed. The smoke cleared away and Hodji cried:

"Ah! you can see!"

He pointed down the track.

Two men had just left the station and were coming up the track!

In due course they reached a point directly opposite the watchers.

They were plainly recognizable.

One was the thick-set, burly fellow, Con Sheehan, and the dark-visaged, snaky villain, Jacob Shafer, known to the police both of them as the most expert cracksmen and bank-breakers in America.

The Hindoo's eyes were like a serpent's as he scrutinized the two villains.

The detectives were impressed.

Villainy against villainy.

That was the precise case.

It was hard to say which was the greater villain. But Sheehan and Black Jake now passed through the cut.

"You see them!" whispered the Hindoo. "Well, keep an eye on them. They are the chaps we want."

Hungry Pete gave a grunt.

"Wall," he said, "what is the move?"

"We'll shadow them," said Hodji. "They will soon leave the track."

This proved true.

The two cracksmen left the track presently and passed through a thicket and into a wooded dell near the river.

Down in this, and built against the rocky ledge of a hill was a small shanty.

Its shutters were closely drawn and its door barred.

But Sheehan and Black Jake both went boldly up to the door and unbarred it. They entered the cabin.

Hadji the Hindoo drew a deep breath.

"There," he said, "there is the game. You can bag it. But before you do up the two rascals I want you to, if possible, find out where they have secreted a certain leather bag containing a big sum of money."

The two Bradys flashed quick glances at each other.

Here was a revelation.

Was not this getting on track of the lost messenger Jarvis with a vengeance? They were thrilled to the core. It was a startling coincidence if not true.

"Whar do ye think they'd hide it?" asked Young King Brady.

"That I cannot tell you," replied Hadji, closing his white teeth with a snap. "But learn that fact if you can. Manage to search the cabin. I'll do the rest. Only both Sheehan and Shafer must die!"

Darkness was now beginning to heavily fall upon the glen.

No light could be seen in the cabin, however, for the shutters were closely drawn.

"You understand?" asked Hadji.

"I reckon!" replied Young King Brady. "But what about this bag? Where did they get it? Is it swag?"

"They stole it from me!" was the Hindoo's astounding statement.

Again the detectives were startled.

"I want to recover it if I can," gritted Hadji; "but I want vengeance in any case. Now you understand!"

"What is in it for us?" temporized Old King Brady.

"Ten thousand each."

The two detectives affected amazement. But Hungry Pete spat excitedly in the air and whispered:

"Jee-whizz! We could get a corner in whisky fer that. Eh, Tim?"

"Yew bet!" laconically replied the other hobo. The Hindoo was satisfied.

"Now I'll leave you," he said. "You know where my place is in Sixth avenue. Come to me and report to-morrow night at eleven o'clock. See?"

Old King Brady made a cabalistic pass with his hand.

"On the square!" he said. "But we won't do any blood-letting to-night."

"All right, then. Learn all you can. Get the leather bag if you can. But be sure and report to me."

With this Hadji glided away in the darkness. When the two detectives were sure he was beyond hearing they drew close together and Old King Brady whispered:

"We're right in it!"

"It looks that way."

"Perhaps this Hindoo waylaid Tom Jarvis and got the million and these two villains got it away from him in turn."

"It is a clew."

"Sure! Nothing absolute can be deduced as yet. But



looks as if Tom Jarvis ought to have been a party to it. How otherwise could he have been waylaid and wiped out of existence in broad daylight on crowded Broadway?"

"That all remains to be brought to light. That is our work."

"Sure! We have a pull with the king-pin villain of all, though. But I can't understand why he wants Sheehan and Shafer put out of the way."

"That is easy. They would be certain to know of his complicity in the fate of Jarvis, whatever that is."

"I see!"

"He would be safe only after they were made forever silent. The Hindoo is a deep factor in this mysterious crime."

"I believe you."

"What now?"

"Let us take a nearer look at that cabin, if we can do so safely."

The two detectives crept cautiously nearer the cabin. They soon succeeded in getting within a few yards of it, and felt satisfied that they were unseen and unheard.

The cabin was silent.

No sound nor light came from it.

Old King Brady crept up to it on his hands and knees and placed his ear against the wall. He listened long and patiently, but in vain.

No sound came from behind those walls. If the cabin was occupied the occupants were strangely silent.

After a while the old detective crept around the corner and toward the door.

He used extreme caution.

That this was needless, however, he speedily found. The door of the cabin was wide open. All was darkness and silence beyond it.

## CHAPTER V.

### A FUTILE SEARCH.

The detective was astonished as well as startled at this discovery.

What did it mean?

He had certainly seen the two cracksmen enter the place and close the door after them. It now stood wide open, however, and the cabin had the appearance of being empty and deserted.

Had the two rogues taken alarm and fled?

Neither detective had seen them leave.

Young King Brady now came up and whispered:

"What do you think of it?"

"It is curious!"

"Are they still in there?"

"That is a question."

"It don't look like it. I think we had better enter boldly and make an excuse if we come onto them."

"All right! Only look out for a trap!"

With this the two detectives arose and boldly shuffled up to the door.

"I say, Pete, I wonder if this old ranch won't be a good place for us to sleep to-night. Don't seem to be anybody livin' here."

"Try it, Tim. Durn me, but I'm sleepy an' tired arter trampin' twenty miles terday."

"A tramp's life is a hard one!"

"You bet!"

Then Old King Brady stumbled over the threshold and into the cabin. He listened acutely.

"Gotter match, Pete?"

"Yep! Wait a minute!"

The next moment the spluttering blaze of the match for an instant illumined the interior of the shanty.

It was, however, long enough for Old King Brady to see that the place was empty. The cracksmen were not there.

The old detective drew a dark lantern from his pocket and pulled the slide.

Around the cabin he flashed its rays. The place was cold and damp and dilapidated.

There was no evidence that human beings had occupied it recently.

But one conclusion was forced upon the detectives.

The two cracksmen had either left from alarm or had briefly accomplished their purpose, whatever it was, and departed.

In any case, the detectives were baffled.

In vain they searched.

Not a clew or a guiding mark could be found. They were chagrined.

"Well," exclaimed Old King Brady, "I remarked a short while ago that we were right in it. But it looks now as if we were decidedly out of it."

"Plain as the nose on your face," agreed Young King Brady. "They are not here. Ergo, what is the most reasonable conclusion to draw? They have gone. But where would they be most likely to go?"

"Back to New York?"

"Hardly!"

"Con Sheehan is too hotly chased by the police. It looks to me likely that they came here and got the bag spoken of by Hadji and have decamped——"

"Where?"

"Not toward New York?"

"Surely not!"

"There is then only one other likely direction—up the railroad toward Yonkers, maybe, their objective point being Albany."

"Then our move is to push along up the track and overtake them."

"I have a better plan!"

"Well?"

Old King Brady consulted his watch.

"A train is shortly due at the station of Spuyten Duyvil for Yonkers. We will go down and take that train. At Yonkers we will drop off and come down the track and meet them. The rest we will leave to fate and our wits."



"Capital!"

So the two detectives set out at full speed for the Spuyten Duyvil station. They knew that the train must reach Yonkers long before any pedestrian could.

So they felt reasonably sure of the success of their plan.

In due time they alighted at Yonkers. Back down the track they started at full speed.

The night was extremely dark.

Yet no person could have passed them without being seen. Mile after mile they trudged on.

Suddenly lights shone ahead. They were in a little cut which looked familiar.

Young King Brady came to a stop.

"Here we are!" he cried. "We've come right back to our starting point."

"Then they did not go up the track, did they?" said Old King Brady in chagrin. "Where else could they have gone?"

"The river!"

"Ah!"

They glanced out through the little reach leading to the Hudson. It was possible that the villains had taken a boat and gone out that way. In that case they might now be far beyond the Hudson and safe from immediate pursuit.

But while the detectives were considering this possibility a startling surprise was accorded them.

Young King Brady clutched the old detective's arm.

"Look!" he gasped.

He pointed to the spot in the darkness where the cabin should be. A bright light shone through the door of the shanty.

There it burned bright and vivid.

There was no mistaking it.

For a moment the detectives were dumfounded. Then Old King Brady started for the light, saying:

"Come!"

But before they were half way into the glen the light faded and vanished. Again all was darkness about the cabin.

Again the detectives approached it with great caution.

They listened and waited for a long while. But the place appeared as silent and deserted as ever.

Again they made a bluff as hoboos and entered the place. But the dark lantern showed it as empty, just the same.

What did it mean?

The detectives went out of the structure and sat down under a tree some distance away in the darkness.

For fully an hour they watched the mysterious structure. But no further manifestation of life showed itself.

"All right," gritted Old King Brady. "If there's a secret about that cabin we want to know it. I'm going to stay here until morning."

And he was as good as his word.

The two detectives were still watching when daylight came. But the place was apparently as empty and deserted as ever.

The mystery was unsolved.

With daylight a thorough search of the vicinity was made. But no clew was found.

Old King Brady was beaten.

He pulled out a big plug of tobacco and cut off a chew. This was his universal habit when deeply perplexed.

After a few moments' study he said:

"Either that was an optical illusion or we're up against a stiff game!"

"Both, maybe," laughed Young King Brady. "I'm not sure but the place is actually haunted."

"Humph!" exclaimed the old detective. Then he rejoined:

"We must go back to New York."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"To see Hadji?"

"Later on, perhaps. We do not call on him until eleven to-night."

"Correct!"

So they started for Spuyten Duyvil station. All the way Old King Brady was very thoughtful.

At last they reached the little station.

As they stepped upon the platform two other men were seen standing there also. They were types of the farmer.

But the instant the old detective saw them his manner changed.

He walked carelessly by them and into the station. They smoked cob pipes and leered at him stupidly.

The moment the two detectives were in the station Old King Brady whispered:

"Did you notice them?"

"Who?" asked the younger detective.

"Those two rustics."

"Not particularly. Why?"

"They are our birds!"

"The deuce!"

Young King Brady took a hasty look at them through the window.

His face showed eager surprise.

"Why, so they are!" he exclaimed. "What a clumsy disguise! They are evidently going back into New York."

"Yes."

"We will shadow them?"

"Of course!"

At this moment an early New York train came thundering up to the platform. The two disguised crooks got aboard.

The detectives took a car behind theirs. This removed all suspicion, as Old King Brady desired it should.

But through the window of one car the detectives could see into the other.

They watched the two crooks carefully.

In due time the train rolled into the Grand Central station in New York. The two cracksmen got out and the detectives were just behind them.

Old King Brady and his protegee attracted much attention in the great depot. Their make-up as hoboos was so striking that it promised to grow embarrassing.

Small boys in the station crowded about them and made



jeering remarks. The officers of the place looked inclined to run them.

This was not at all to their desire. Both detectives knew that nothing could be more fatal to their plans than for the two cracksmen to remember that they had seen them board the train also at Spuyten Duyvil.

Suspicion would of course be aroused.

Such tough specimens of the hobo as they were seldom rode on trains, and especially into the Grand Central depot of New York.

There had been no opportunity to change disguise or the detectives would have done so.

The situation was unpleasant. So much attention did they attract that one of the officers came up to them and said fiercely:

"Look here, you shagbarks, move on or I'll run you in! See?"

"All right, boss," replied Hungry Pete. "We're all right. We ain't very handsome, but we're straight goods."

Out onto the street they went.

Shafer and Sheehan were just ahead and walking down Forty-second street toward Third avenue. They had not as yet noticed the hoboes.

"No use talking," said Old King Brady, "we've got to change our disguise."

"How can we do it and not lose track of our men?"

"It looks hard."

A gang of hoodlums was at their heels. Just as they reached the corner of Third avenue Shafer and Sheehan looked around.

They saw the hoboes and the crowd at their heels and were interested at once.

"Geel!" exclaimed Shafer, "ain't them the two hoboes we saw at Spuyten Duyvil?"

"Yes," replied Sheehan. They exchanged glances of comprehension.

"They're follerin' us," said Black Jake.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD KING BRADY IS DECEIVED.

This fact was patent to the two cracksmen. At once their brows darkened.

"Who are they?"

"What are they follerin' us fer?"

Black Jake's ugly jaws closed with a vicious snap.

"If they know what's good fer 'em they'll give it up!" he gritted.

They turned into Third avenue and finally paused before the door of a saloon.

They glanced back at the detectives, who were busily engaged with the street gamins who were following them.

Old King Brady made a sign to the younger detective.

"Now is our chance," he said; "they have gone into that saloon."

"Where shall we go?"

"This way!"

The old detective dodged into the open doorway of a tenement house.

As it chanced, nobody was in the hall. Up the stairs the two detectives went pell-mell.

They thus shook the crowd of gamins successfully. Fortunately for them the tenement house was of the lowest kind.

In such a place no questions are ever asked of invaders. Everybody minds his own business, and one's personal appearance does not militate against him.

To be sure a slatternly woman thrust her head out of a door of one of the flats and yelled:

"If it's Mrs. Schweitzer yez want to see, shure she's on the top flure."

But this only made the detectives safer in their course. Up they went to the very top floor.

As it happened, nobody was at home there, or the detectives would have been obliged to invent some sort of an excuse.

The hallway was lighted illy, but they were now for the nonce safe. Old King Brady lost no time.

Off came his coat.

"Quick!" he said. "We must not lose time."

The way the two detectives changed their disguise showed absolute familiarity with such matters. In less time than it takes to tell it their personal appearance underwent a radical change.

The hobo rags vanished and the turned coats and trousers were of black, and respectable.

Old King Brady was a seedy, but not ragged citizen, with a cap, and might have passed for an honest workingman. He wore siders and a mustache.

Young King Brady became a type of respectable young man whom one meets any day on the street.

His smooth face was drawn a little at the corners and glasses were placed across his nose. He resembled nothing more than a traveling colporteur.

Thus made up, and all in a few minutes, the two detectives descended the stairs. As they emerged upon the street they found the same crowd of gamins there.

But they did not recognize them as the two hoboes.

Old King Brady now said:

"Walk down to the next corner and wait. I will enter the saloon."

"All right!"

This was done.

As Old King Brady entered he saw Shafer and Sheehan seated at a table.

They were drinking beer and talking in an undertone. They glanced at the detective inquisitively, but did not show recognition or alarm.

Old King Brady only glanced at them in a vacant way and went up to the bar.

"A glass of beer," he said, throwing down a nickel on the polished wood.



"Yes, sir," replied the bartender, turning to the handle of the beer pump. He placed the foaming mug before the detective.

Old King Brady sipped it.

"Hard times, these," he said in a hoarse, grumbling voice. "Too many bosses and too many politicians. No chance fer an honest man nohow!"

"That so?" queried the bartender. "Ain't the world usin' you right?"

"I don't find any fault with the world," declared the detective. "But it's gittin' harder every day fer the poor man to make a living. Pretty soon they'll take his beer away from him."

"I don't see how they can do that."

"Ye don't? Well, the rich men can do anything. I tell ye they've got the poor man right under their thumbs an' where he can't wiggle. They're a grindin' his soul out of his body every day an' lettin' their wives an' daughters ride round in silks an' carriages while our wives hev got to scrimp to git a caliker wrapper. It's all wrong, I say, dead wrong!"

"Well," said the barkeeper, good-humoredly, "how are you going to change it?"

"Can't change it," declared the detective. "The odds are too great. I tell you, though, that the poor man is justified in gittin' all he can out of them money-grabbin' sharks. I'll tell you," affecting to lower his voice, "if I had a downright good chance I'd rob 'em, any one on 'em, an' it wouldn't be no sin, either."

Sheehan looked up and gave Shafer the wink.

"Must be you're a socialist," cried Black Jake.

Old King Brady turned with an affectation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon, gents," he said. "I didn't know you could hear me. But I haven't done it yet, so it's not a case for the police."

"Oh, ye needn't fear us!" said Sheehan. "If we knew it we wouldn't peach, would we, mate?"

"I should say not," replied Black Jake.

"Mebbe ye have a little sympathy for the poor man yourselves," said Old King Brady.

"We ought to. We've been bucking against odds ourselves for a good many years. But a man is a fool not to protect himself."

The barkeeper had moved away and was out of hearing.

Old King Brady took a step nearer the table, looking the two cracksmen eagerly in the face.

"I don't seem to catch the drift of your meanin'," he said. "What do ye mean by protection?"

"Protection against want. You owe it to your family."

"How kin I get it?"

"It all lies with you. It's the fault of social structure. You are an honest man and want work. It's denied you. The rich man has money which should be fairly divided with you. If you appropriate a modest sum it may be called theft and they'll jail ye fer it, but it's no crime."

"Crime!" said Old King Brady heavily. Then his eyes scintillated.

"I see," he continued in a whisper. "I understand

what you are. Actually I am so desperate that if I could be sure of getting the right lead——"

Sheehan and Shafer exchanged glances.

"Sit down!" the latter said.

Old King Brady did so.

"What's yer name?" asked Shafer.

"Albert Tucker."

"Whar do ye live?"

"In Grand street. I am an ironworker by trade. But I can't get work."

"You've got sand?"

Old King Brady clenched his fist.

"Try me!" he whispered. "I've a starving family at home!"

"Look here," said Jake darkly; "if we put you onto a good thing would you swear to stand by us?"

"To the end!"

"Remember, if you went back on us it would mean death to you. You're a stranger, but we want just such a man as you in a big deal we're makin'."

"Try me!" said the detective grimly.

Sheehan looked at Shafer.

Then the latter wrote on a bit of cardboard with a pencil:

"Oriental House, Bleecker street. Room 44. Twelve o'clock."

This he gave to Old King Brady.

"Be there," he said.

Then the two cracksmen rose. They passed out of the saloon. The bartender came forward and said:

"Nobby gents, them! Did ye get a lay offen 'em?"

"Not yet, but mebbe I will," said the detective cautiously. "Do they come in here often?"

"Seldom, but I knows 'em."

"Ye do?"

"Yes."

The barkeeper leaned over the bar.

"It's all right. I'm straight, but I used to be crooked, too. That's Con Sheehan, the mar. that dumped Inspector Byrnes on the Fulton street diamond steal. The other is Jake Shafer, or Black Jake, the cleverest pick-lock and safe-breaker in America. It's a hard combination he can't get."

Old King Brady nodded his head.

"Then I'm in luck," he said.

"You bet!"

"They'll put me onto something good."

"You kin be sure."

"I hope so. A poor man has got to have a chance some-way. Good day."

"Good day."

Old King Brady walked out of the place. On the street corner he made a signal to Young King Brady.

The young detective followed him. At a safe moment they joined each other.

"Did you see them come out?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes."

"Where did they go?"



"Down Third avenue. Did you learn anything in the moon?"

The old detective nodded and chuckled.

"I should say so!" he said. "Look at this!"

He showed the card given him by Sheehan. The young detective read it with great interest.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "That is a good one. Of course you'll be there?"

"I wouldn't miss it!"

"But we are to see Hadji at eleven."

"True! But you can call on him and tell him the result of our work at Spuyten Duyvil. Tell him that I am still on the track of the rascals, which will be true."

"Certainly. And now what shall we do? Follow Sheehan and Shafer further?"

"By no means!" replied Old King Brady. "We had no sleep last night. We must rest, and this is our chance. Now for a cafe and something to eat. Then we can sleep until ten o'clock."

So the detectives, after satisfying the inner man, went to their lodgings and to bed.

At ten o'clock sharp they were awake, and rising, prepared to go forth upon their respective missions.

Old King Brady set out at once for Bleecker street.

At that time in that down-town thoroughfare there existed a small and dingy lodging house, over the door of which hung a sign:

"Oriental House."

"Meals and Rooms at All Hours."

It was a stopping place for a certain type of men who made that locality and the Bowery their home.

Old King Brady at twelve o'clock stood under the red lamp which hung over the door.

He opened the door and went into a dingy little office.

A hook-nosed man stood behind the desk. He scanned the detective critically and said:

"Good evening, sir. Will you have a room?"

"I come on a different errand," replied the detective. "My name is Tucker. I was to meet two gentlemen in room 44 by appointment."

Instantly the old man bowed obsequiously.

"Certainly," he said. "I was informed of that. Go right up the stairs, sir. It is the third door on the right."

Old King Brady made his way up the dingy stairs. He arrived at the right.

The door of 44 stood slightly ajar.

The detective pushed it open and entered. It was poorly furnished. On a table a lamp burned.

But the room held no occupant.

Neither Sheehan nor Shafer was there.

For a moment the old detective suspected a trap. But he placed a hand on his revolver and stepped into the room.

On the table there lay a sheet of paper. On it was scrawled the following startling message:

To Old King Brady:

"Dear Sir: We know yure a poor man an' wood like take you into our Sirkle, but wee can't trust you quite

enuff fer that. You thought yoo hed a ded cinch on us, but we kin still go yoo two fer one an' better. Pooty sharp, but didn't git thar. Try ag'in an' mebbe yoo will win out. Yoors truly,  
S. and S."

Nothing further was needed to convince the old detective that he had been completely hoodwinked.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ENSHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Young King Brady was prompt at the fortune telling studio of Hodji Singh, in Sixth avenue.

The Hindoo's place was closed to business, but a red light burned in his private room.

Of course Young King Brady had made himself up again for Hungry Pete, the hobo. So when he rapped at the Hindoo's door it was opened to him.

Hodji welcomed him eagerly.

"Where is your mate?" he asked.

"Me mate?" exclaimed Hungry Pete. "Oh, Tim's clean sick with eatin' too much pie, an' he cudn't git around to-night. I kin tell ye all jest as well!"

"Come in and sit down, sahib."

Young King Brady entered the den. It was furnished with Oriental rugs and couches and hangings of damask.

The young detective sank down upon a divan.

"Well," said the Hindoo anxiously, "what did you accomplish?"

"Nothin'," replied Young King Brady.

An Indian oath escaped Hodji.

"What was the matter?" he asked. "I certainly thought you would have a good report. What did you do?"

"Thet's different," retorted Hungry Pete. "We watched thet old cabin all night. We went into it twice, but there wasn't no sign of them chaps in it."

The Hindoo gasped.

"They've beaten you!" he said. "I ought to have stayed. They're a sharp gang."

"Eh!" exclaimed Young King Brady, with a leer, "beat us did ye say? Not much!"

Then he detailed the incidents of the night and what had occurred since. The Hindoo listened.

His face brightened.

"They did not discover that they were watched," he said. "That is good. Keep right after them and you will yet run them to earth. No news of the leather bag?"

"None!"

"You searched the cabin?"

"We looked it over."

"Humph! They fooled you," said the Hindoo with conviction. "Somewhere near there they have a lot of plunder hidden. You may be sure of it."

Young King Brady was impressed by the Hindoo's positive manner. But he said laconically:



"Wall, we couldn't find it."

"But you will if you keep on. You must. These fellows must also be put out of the way. They are a hindrance to my plans. Do you see?"

The Hindoo smiled in his Mephistophelian fashion, showing his white teeth.

Young King Brady nodded. Then he said as if with sudden inspiration:

"Is the million dollars you spoke of hidden there? Whar did they git that? Is it the same million which the messenger of ther People's Bank got away?"

Hodji gave a serpent-like hiss and glared at the detective. In that moment Young King Brady felt a queer creeping sensation and a certain strange fascination like that experienced by one charmed by a snake.

With an effort he threw this off. In that instant he understood that Hodji was no ordinary man.

He was to a certain extent possessed of hypnotism. But Young King Brady was not a pliable subject.

The Hindoo saw this and desisted.

"What made you think that million was identical with the one I speak of, sahib?" he asked.

"Think of it?" said the detective carelessly. "The word million probably. Ther bank lost a million and you lost a million. Thet's all!"

"Remember that all I say to you is confidential."

"Yes," agreed Young King Brady.

"Well, never speak of this million again."

"All right. Not as I keer!"

The Hindoo sank back in his seat.

"Don't come here again," he said, "until you can report that both of those rascals are dead!"

Young King Brady arose.

"All right," he said. "I think I'll be goin'. We'll be after that ten thousand afore long!"

The Hindoo smiled in his terrible way.

"All right," he said.

Young King Brady emerged upon the street. He saw that it was after midnight.

He crossed the avenue and made his way along in the shadows.

In a dark corner he changed his disguise of hobo. Then he sallied forth once more in his own guise.

He thought of Old King Brady.

He wondered what the old detective had hit upon and if there was anything new.

Instinctively he turned his steps toward Bleecker street.

From Broadway he turned into that thoroughfare. It was now after one o'clock.

The walk had been a long one.

The young detective made his way slowly toward the red sign over the entrance to the Oriental House.

Suddenly a man emerged from shadows near and stood before him in the light of a street lamp.

Young King Brady gave a start.

The man wore blue goggles.

It was the same man who had saved the life of President Chase and put Red Ellis behind bars.

The man with blue goggles. Who was he?

Young King Brady knew well.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I have been duped!"

"Duped?"

"Yes, the two rascals were onto me all the while. It is hard luck!"

The man removed his goggles.

He stood revealed in the lamp light.

He was Old King Brady.

There were many reasons why the old detective did not remain on the spot and declare his identity at the time he rescued President Chase.

He knew that Red Ellis was a pal of both Sheehan and Shafer.

At that time he had located this gang as the possible robbers of Messenger Jarvis. Though how they had worked the job was a mystery.

Therefore it was of course greatly to his interest to keep dark.

The two detectives quickly exchanged experiences.

"Then you gained nothing at Hodji's?" asked Old King Brady.

"Nothing of value," replied the young detective. "Everything is disappointing us!"

They walked out as far as Broadway.

It did not seem as if anything more could be done that night. But Old King Brady finally hit upon a plan.

"I have an idea," he said, "that this whole mystery is centred about the den of that Hindoo."

"I agree with you."

"I think we would do well to shadow him, and, if possible, get a look into his place when he is not there."

"It would be sure to yield results."

"That settles it. Let us take a turn up that way."

It was now nearly two o'clock. It did not seem possible that the Hindoo would be up at this hour.

But the detectives had decided to go thither, so they kept on.

The streets were deserted, save by a few hurrying and belated pedestrians and an occasional policeman.

As they walked along Old King Brady began to philosophize and make deductions.

"This Hindoo is at the bottom of it all," he said. "It is easy to see by his words and his actions that he had the bag carried by Tom Jarvis once in his possession."

"How did he get it?" asked Young King Brady.

"That remains to be seen. Either he decoyed Tom into a trap or the messenger was in league with him!"

"The latter is more plausible."

"You think so?"

"I do!"

"Why?"

"Well," said Young King Brady, "this man Hodji is a peculiar chap. Over a man of certain temperament he would have an undoubted hypnotic influence."

"You think so?"

"I do."

Old King Brady nodded vehemently.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "I see. It is not at all illogical



You are on the right track. The Hindoo was the plotter, and Tom was the victim. But here is a question: If that line of reasoning is correct, how did the Hindoo know that Tom was likely to leave the bank that day with a million in hand."

Young King Brady was staggered. "The mystery is a deep one," he said. "But that does not lessen the probability that Jarvis was the victim of the Hindoo's influence. It may have been chance that enabled him to hit upon Jarvis at that particular moment."

"Not illogical," agreed Old King Brady; "but the Hindoo evidently has not the lost currency at present. Neither has he ever been in collusion with Sheehan and Shafer. Neither do they act like men who had a million of stolen currency in their possession."

This was a striking fact. Such characters would be apt to strike out into a sporting life or leave the country.

Sheehan and Shafer, though, seemed to be on the make as much as ever.

"In that case," said Young King Brady, "the Hindoo is mistaken when he thinks they stole the money from him. Somebody else got the million."

"Who?"  
"Ah! and in what manner?"

This was all the result the detectives could gain. Probing only deepened the mystery and thickened the gloom enshrouding the case."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CONFERENCE WITH ELLIS.

"There's one thing we must do before we can gain any headway in this case," said Old King Brady.

"What is that?"  
"We must find Tom Jarvis, dead or alive."  
"Dead or alive! More likely dead."  
"Well, that is our lead."  
"I believe you."

The two detectives now turned into Sixth avenue. It was not long before they reached the entrance to the Hindoo's apartments.

Old King Brady had removed his disguise after leaving the Oriental House.

Young King Brady had done the same, as we have seen, after leaving the Hindoo's.

They were in their own personalities now. As they stood before the Hindoo's place they saw that his windows were dark.

Old King Brady studied the building for a few moments. He saw that it was a structure of brick. The Hindoo's rooms were on the second floor and reached through a narrow passage and stairs.

The lower door was closed and locked. What the rear of the building was could not be seen.

But the detective did not attempt to carry his investigations further that night.

He could not hope to gain admittance to the den at that hour. So both decided to go home and to bed.

This they did, reaching their lodgings a half hour later. Both were weary and retired at once to rest.

But the next morning when Young King Brady arose he saw that the elder detective was up before him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Couldn't you sleep?"

"Indeed, yes!" replied Old King Brady; "but I struck an idea. Do you remember Red Ellis?"

"Yes."

"He's our man!"

"What?"

"That's right!"

"How do you make it out?"

"Do you remember that he was a pal of Sheehan and Shafer?"

Young King Brady gave a start.

"Yes!"

"Very good. Hodji is mistaken. The two rogues, Sheehan and Shafer, are innocent of the charge he brings against them. The thief is Red Ellis."

Young King Brady was struck with the force of this deduction. Certainly the incidents of the case pointed to that.

It furnished Ellis with a motive for the killing of Mr. Chase. He could have had no other motive.

To be sure, the assumption was not wholly clear.

But Old King Brady believed that Ellis at least knew of the whereabouts of the lost money and the fate of the messenger.

He was still in the Tombs awaiting a trial.

Old King Brady decided to visit him.

Perhaps he would confess or at least furnish some information of value. The clew was worth tracing.

So a short while later the two detectives boarded a downtown car and crossed over to the Tombs.

The warden at once granted them permission to see the prisoner.

Red Ellis was in his cell and in a sullen mood.

At first he would pay no heed whatever to the two detectives. But Old King Brady said, shrewdly:

"You want your liberty, Ellis, just as much as any man. It will be greatly to your advantage to tell us the truth."

The cracksman looked up and his inflamed eyeballs were turned upon the old detective searchingly.

"What are yer talkin' about?" he demanded. "There ain't no show fer me. I've got to go up anyway. I know you detectives. You'll make all kinds of promises, but the judge will overrule them in court."

"I can assure you that our influence will be exerted in your behalf."

"What good will that do?"

"Any prisoner who turns State's evidence is sure to win an amelioration of sentence, if not absolute freedom."

"Kin you guarantee that?"

"I will agree to do all I can for you."

Ellis snapped his fingers.

"Humph!" he said. "P'r'aps you think I'm a fool."



"No, I think you are shrewd, and I shall believe you wise if you will accede to my terms. You will not be sorry to have my influence when your trial comes up. Your pals, Sheehan and Shafer, will not help you. You may depend on it."

The cracksman gave a start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "How did you know they were pals of mine?"

"They said so."

"They did?"

A fierce light burned in the crook's eyes.

"Did they tell you that?" he continued.

"Pshaw! I knew it before."

A crafty light shone in Ellis' eyes.

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"At Spuyten Duyvil, I believe."

Ellis' face grew ashen.

"You're a devil!" he said. "What do ye know about Spuyten Duyvil?"

"I have been in the cabin, and I know of the swag which is hidden there."

It might be well to state here that this announcement of the knowledge of swag at the Spuyten Duyvil rendezvous was a clever fiction of Old King Brady's.

But it struck home.

Red Ellis was white lipped.

He made a gesture of despair.

"It's all up," he said. "They are fools. They have given everything away. Why don't ye jug them, as ye have me?"

"I am not ready yet," replied Old King Brady; "but I will tell you that it is impossible for them to escape."

"Well, it don't matter to me."

"But you can tell me some important facts if you choose."

"I don't choose!"

"What was done with the leather bag which you got at the Hindoo's on Sixth avenue?"

Red Ellis stared at the detective.

He seemed dazed.

To him it was a mystery how Old King Brady had got trace of these matters. Why should he assume that he (Red Ellis) knew of Hodji Singh or had ever visited his place?

"Leather bag!" he repeated. "What about it?"

"You know and can tell. You know there was a million dollars in that leather bag and that it was taken from Tom Jarvis, the bank messenger. Now, tell me how Hodji Singh got possession of that bag and where it is now."

The expression upon the brutal face of Red Ellis was a study.

Never before had the detective seen in human countenance such a blending of astonishment, cupidity and malice.

"A million in that leather bag!" he repeated. "You're lying to me."

"No, I am not."

"Then it is true?"

"You know it and you know where that leather bag is."

Red Ellis was excited. He arose and gripped the bars of his cell and shook them with terrific force.

He stared at Old King Brady like a maniac.

"What have ye got me shut up here like this for?" he hissed. "Let me out and I'll promise to turn evidence on Sheehan and Shafer."

"The bag——"

"Never mind the bag. We'll find that later on. I've been a fool. Say"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"get me out of here. It'll be worth a fortune to ye. More than ye can make at detective work all yer life."

In an instant Old King Brady grasped the truth.

Red Ellis knew of the whereabouts of the missing million. Sheehan and Shafer did not.

Ellis, then, was the fulcrum of this lever which the old detective was employing to lift this fearful mystery into daylight.

He smiled as he reflected upon the damaging admissions which he had already forced from Ellis.

But more was yet to be learned.

"Where is Tom Jarvis?" he asked.

Ellis looked blank.

"I never saw him in my life," he said. "Who was he?"

"The bank messenger."

"Oh, did that bag contain the money?" he began and then checked himself. For an hour Old King Brady worked trying to get further admissions from the villain.

But Red Ellis closed his mouth like a trap, and no amount of effort could wring further admissions from him.

He saw that he had already said too much. All the cunning of his crafty nature now arose to meet the exigency before him.

Old King Brady finally arose.

"Well," he said, warningly, "we shall soon put Sheehan and Shafer and the Hindoo behind bars. All will then come out without your aid and you will lose your chance for commutation of justice."

Red Ellis showed his teeth like a wolf.

"But ye won't have the million," he said with a leer; "and ye won't be any better off in that respect."

"If we are not the money can never do you any good."

Ellis laughed in a croaking way.

"A million is a heap of money," he said. "It will do a good deal."

"Then you admit that you know where it is?" said Old King Brady.

"I admit nothin'," snarled the ruffian.

Old King Brady joined Young King Brady, and they left the Tombs.

But they had not gone a hundred yards from the door, when an officer came hurriedly after them.

"Come back," he said. "Ellis is going to confess to you."

This announcement electrified the two detectives.

They hurried back.

When they once more stood before the barred door of Ellis' cell he was strangely excited.

He paced up and down wildly.

"Will ye swear that I git a big commutation of sentence if I tell ye the whole truth?" he asked anxiously.

"I will do all I can for you at the trial," said Old King Brady. "I have no doubt the judge will consider your case with greater leniency on that account."



"Then I'll tell all I know," said Ellis. "Sheehan an' Shafer wouldn't stick by me, an' I might as well put in a stroke fer myself."

"You'd be foolish not to."

At once officers were sent for and the District Attorney was notified.

The prisoner was taken to the District Attorney's office, and there Red Ellis made his confession.

"I didn't mean to do old Chase up fer keeps," he declared. "I followed him into the area to rob him. That's all thar was to that. I warn't hired to kill him, nor did I intend to do that."

"I've been pal with Sheehan an' Shafer fer a year. They've treated me square so far. Now all I kin tell ye about that leather bag ain't much."

"One night the three of us laid wires to burglarize the den of Hodji Singh. We heard that he had a lot of diamonds in the place. That was why we went there."

## CHAPTER IX.

### AFTER A CLEW.

Red Ellis cleared his throat and then resumed:

"We waited until we saw him go out one evening. Then we made our way in by a fire escape an' a rear window."

"We ransacked the place. I don't know as we found much of value. But in the closet of his private chamber we found a big leather bag."

Old King Brady here asked:

"Please describe the bag."

"It was of brown leather, like mail bags are made of. Thar was a big lock on it an' a wax seal."

"Con Sheehan wanted ter cut it open with a knife, but I wouldn't let him. I reckoned it held somethin' of value, so I slung it over my shoulder, an' jest then we got the alarm."

"We made out of ther place by a rear window. Sheehan went down the fire escape and Shafer an' I made the roof. The police were hot after us."

"Goin' over the roofs, the bag got heavy, an' rather than drop it I went up to a chimney and threw it in. Thar it is to this day, I reckon."

This astonishing narrative was listened to with enthralled interest by the District Attorney and the detectives.

Every word had been taken down by a stenographer.

Many questions were asked Ellis.

"Have you any idea how the leather bag came into Hodji's possession?" asked the District Attorney.

"In course not," replied Ellis. "I didn't know even what was in it. If I had known it was money I'd never have thrown it into the chimney."

"Can you locate the chimney now?"

"No."

"Was it on the same roof?"

"It was not."

"Did you ever see Tom Jarvis?"

"Never."

"Have you any reason to think or believe that Jarvis and the Hindoo were in a plot together to rob the People's Bank of a million dollars?"

"In course not."

"You think Sheehan and Shafer knew nothing of the contents of the leather bag?"

"No more nor I did."

"Do you know much about Hodji?"

"Never saw him but once."

"How do you reckon that Hodji knew that Sheehan and Shafer were the parties who broke into his den and robbed him?"

"That was easy. Con left his coat there in ther hurry of gettin' out. It had some letters in his pocket with his name on 'em."

This ended the confession.

Red Ellis was led away.

The District Attorney turned to the Two Bradys.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what do you think of it?"

"All straight, with one exception," said Old King Brady.

"So I say!" said Young King Brady.

"And that?"

"The leather bag story!"

"Ah, you believe——"

"His story of throwing that bag into a chimney is a concoction," declared Old King Brady, with conviction.

"What are your reasons for thinking that?" asked the District Attorney.

"He would never have confessed if he had not a thorough knowledge of where that bag with the money is hidden. This is why he seeks a commutation of sentence. He alone knows where the bag and the million is. Depend upon it, it is in a safe place. When he secures his liberty he will endeavor to recover it and enjoy its fruits."

The District Attorney was struck with the force of this reasoning.

"Well," he said, "that is a very logical deduction. Do you think he will ever confess to the hiding place of the bag?"

"Never!"

"Would you not advise a search of all the chimneys contiguous to the building in which the Hindoo has his rooms?"

"It would be a waste of time."

"This is a remarkable case and I am greatly interested in it," declared the District Attorney. "Of course I shall attempt to in no way interfere with you detectives."

"I trust all that has transpired here to-day will be held sacred," said Old King Brady.

"Certainly."

"Not that we are anxious to claim all credit for the evolution of the case thus far, but to protect us in our future line of operations."

"I know that your motives are not selfish," said the District Attorney. "It is only your due. But of course you do not associate this man Ellis in any other way with the mysterious disappearance of Tom Jarvis?"

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady. "At present mystery still enshrouds that part of the case. We know the Hindoo as the most likely guilty party. What has become of Jarvis remains to be discovered."



"We have simply traced the bag and the money. If we recover that the case will be by no means ended."

The District Attorney bowed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know that America recognizes no greater detectives than the Two Bradys. I feel sure you will solve this case, and I wish you success."

A few moments later the Bradys were leaving the District Attorney's office, once more keen for the scent.

They were soon speeding on their way up town.

It was Old King Brady's plan now to visit Hodji.

So the detectives went to their lodgings and disguised themselves again as Hungry Pete and Ticklish Tim.

As the two hoboos, they made their way by the least frequented streets to Sixth avenue.

Of course they had to run the gauntlet of street gamins. But finally they landed safe and sound at Hodji's door.

Up the narrow stairs they went and entered the fortune-teller's reception room.

A little bell tinkled as they opened the door.

It brought the Hindoo himself from an inner room. At sight of the two hoboos a smile of recognition lit up his face.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with an affectation of warmth, "I am glad to see you. I suppose you have a report to make?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Old King Brady, twisting his battered hat. "What d'ye think, Pete?"

"Wall, mebbe," replied Young King Brady, with a shuffle of his feet.

These ambiguous remarks puzzled the Hindoo, but he said:

"Come in here. It is safer, for this room is more public."

This invitation was just what the detectives wanted.

They accepted it with alacrity.

Hodji led the way through hangings of Oriental silk to an inner room. Here were divans and couches, rugs and tapestries and a lamp of incense after the Hindoo fashion.

The hoboos proceeded to make themselves at home.

A case of Manila cigars was on the table. Young King Brady selected one of these and lit it.

Hodji, who was attired in a loose gown, pointed silver slippers and a turban of glittering stuff, sank onto a divan.

He regarded the hoboos with a smile. There was something serpent-like in his manner.

"Well," he said, smoothly, "what is your report? Are both men dead?"

Old King Brady looked at his companion.

"Hardly," he replied. "We ain't got that far yet. Eh, Pete?"

"Not yet," agreed Pete.

Hodji affected anger.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "I supposed the job was all done long before this. What excuse have you?"

"Wall, the time ain't come," replied Ticklish Tim.

"Not yet," agreed Pete.

"How much time do you want? You told me you had got on track of the birds again, Pete."

"That's all straight, but are ye sure these two are the chaps we want?"

The Hindoo's face grew purple.

His eyes bulged.

"Are you playing with me?" he hissed.

"No, but we've found out somethin'," said Old King Brady, or Ticklish Tim, with perfect sang-froid.

Hodji's manner changed.

He leaned forward eagerly.

"Found out something?" he asked. "What is it, may I ask?"

"Ther man what stole the leather bag from you warn't either Shafer or Sheehan!"

For a moment the Hindoo's face was a study.

He sat like one in a trance gazing at the two hoboos. Gradually the pupils of his cat-like eyes dilated.

"What is that?" he said in an unnatural voice. "How did you learn such a fact as that?"

"We learned it," said Young King Brady, unctiously. "Now we want to know how you make it out that Shafer and Sheehan are the guilty parties?"

"How do I make it out?"

"Yep," asseverated the hoboos.

"Why, easily enough. One of the robbers left his coat in this room."

"Is this whar they found the bag?" asked Old King Brady.

"Well, yes."

"And you found Sheehan's coat hyar?"

"Yes."

"How did ye know it was his coat?"

"His name was on letters found in the pocket," replied Hodji; "so you see your evidence is not reliable."

"Wall," said Ticklish Tim, "neither of them chaps took yer leather bag."

The Hindoo was astonished.

"Perhaps you can tell who it was, then?" he asked.

The disguised detective nodded.

"I kin."

"Do so."

"His name was Red Ellis."

"Red Ellis? who is he?" asked Hodji.

"Wall, he's a crook—that's all. He's got the leather bag hid somewhere. He himself is in the Tombs."

This revelation to Hodji was a most startling one. He had known nothing of Red Ellis' connection with the robbery.

"How do you know all this?" he asked incredulously.

"Never mind," said Young King Brady, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "Crooks is crooks. We're on the inside. We know, an' that's enough. Neither Sheehan nor Shafer know anything about yer leather bag."

"But they were the parties who invaded my apartment that evening."

"That might be. But Ellis was the chap who carried off the leather bag."

Hodji's face lit up. He leaned forward and asked hoarsely:

"Where is the bag? Do you know?"

The hoboos shook their heads.

"Only Red Ellis knows, and he's bound fer Sing Sing. He'll never tell."



"But he shall!" hissed the Hindoo. "It must be found. It shall be found!"

He arose and paced the floor. Ticklish Tim puffed at his cigar.

"That's easy to say," he said, "but I would like to ax ye a question, Mister Hodji."

"Well?" said the Hindoo, turning; "what is it?"

"Will ye tell us what was in that leather bag that made it so valuable?"

## CHAPTER X.

### A VISIT TO THE HINDOO'S.

The question was so sudden and so startling that for a moment Hodji, the Hindoo, was unable to control his nerves.

He glared at the disguised detectives and hissed savagely:

"What do you mean? What's that to you? It's my affair."

"Only this," said Tim, coolly; "we have heard that it held a million dollars. That's all."

Hodji was astounded.

He glared at the detectives harder than ever.

"Eh, what?" he gasped. "Who told you? How do you know that?"

"Know it?" said Young King Brady, contemptuously. "Why, every crook in Gotham knows it by this time. The story I heard was that you an' the bank messenger, Tom Jarvis, conspired to rob the People's Bank of a million, and the leather bag was the same the messenger carried."

Hodji could hardly believe his senses. He smiled in a sickly way and replied:

"Then Red Ellis caught onto the game and circulated that story. Confound him for a fool!"

"Then that was the same bag?" asked Old King Brady carelessly. "No harm to tell us, now that we know it?"

"Yes, it was the same bag," acknowledged the Hindoo; "but I never expected the story to get out. But it looks to me as if we had lost the million forever."

Old King Brady chuckled.

"Oh, don't lose yer grit," he said. "It'll turn up yet likely. Red Ellis is in prison. He's got that bag hidden away somewhere."

"The Spuyten Duyvil cabin," suggested Hodji, eagerly. "Mebbe; but in any event it's in a safe place. He won't tell. But we're curious to know one thing."

"What?"

"Whar's Tom Jarvis?"

"The light which shone in Hodji's eyes now was positively fiendish. He rolled his snake-like eyes about horribly.

Then he fixed a keen, searching gaze upon the detectives.

"You're very inquisitive," he said.

"Only a matter of curiosity," replied Old King Brady, carelessly. "Don't answer if ye don't want to. It's likely he's dead. It's neither here nor there."

"If you live long enough you'll learn some day," said Hodji, significantly.

"That don't mean that we won't live long enough? Ye won't kill us after ye git through with us?"

The Hindoo laughed mirthlessly.

"That is idle talk," he said. "Ah, what is that?"

The bell in the outer office rang.

"It is a caller," said the Hindoo. He hesitated a moment. "Remain here until I return," he rejoined.

Then he vanished toward the outer office. The detectives exchanged glances.

Young King Brady arose and glided to the door. He placed his ear to the panel. Voices could be heard in the outer office.

"Now," whispered Young King Brady, "it is a good chance. Try it!"

But Old King Brady was already at work.

He rushed into the next room. A desk sat against the wall. He glanced over the pigeon-holes carefully.

Then he looked about the room.

From one object to another he went, looking carefully for a clew. He saw a copy of a diary lying on the Hindoo's desk.

He picked it up.

Turning the leaves he was astonished.

It was kept in cipher.

The detective saw instantly that this was valuable. He did not hesitate to place it in his pocket.

Then he went carefully over every object in the room. This resulted in a most startling discovery.

Near a black baize-covered door he picked up a small pocket-knife. He turned it over in his hand and saw that a name was engraved in the silver plate of the handle.

He read the name with a thrill.

The most important clew in the entire case had been gained by him in that moment.

The name was:

"Thomas Jarvis!"

For a moment after the discovery the old detective was dumfounded. He could hardly collect his scattered senses.

It proved much to him.

It was the first ray of light thrown upon the mysterious disappearance of the People's Bank messenger.

It conclusively proved at least one fact:

Tom Jarvis had at some time been in that room. Doubtless he had dropped the knife.

The detective now was inclined to believe that the bank messenger was really in collusion with the Hindoo. In that case he might even be hidden somewhere in the place.

But before the detective could conduct his investigations further Young King Brady gave the signal.

Old King Brady quickly dodged back into the other room and resumed his seat.

He was none too soon.

The door opened and Hodji, the Hindoo, appeared.

For a moment he shot an inquiring glance of suspicion at the two hoboos. But this vanished quickly.

"Well," he said, brusquely, "have you decided on a new plan?"



"We've decided to follow your instructions," said Old King Brady.

"Diable!" exclaimed the Hindoo. "You should know what to do. I cannot pay you the ten thousand until I have got the leather bag and its contents back. Now, if Red Ellis has it in hiding somewhere, we must find out where it is hid."

"That's dreadful easy," said the pseudo Hungry Pete. "S'posin' you try it."

"Confound it! that is what I hired you for."

"If ye'll tell us how we'll do it all right," said Ticklish Tim.

The Hindoo knit his brow in thought.

"I'll tell you," he said finally. "Keep dark for a while. I'll try and see Ellis in the Tombs. Perhaps I can compromise with him."

"P'raps ye can."

"Come around again in a few days."

The detectives arose.

"But how about this affair with Sheehan an' Shafer?" asked Hungry Pete. "Shall we drop 'em entirely?"

"There's no reason for bothering with them just now," replied the Hindoo. But a malevolent light shone in his eyes.

"Later," he said, significantly, "I will square accounts with them."

The detectives were glad to get out of the sickening incense-impregnated air of the Oriental den.

Once in the street, Old King Brady led the way through side streets to their lodgings. Here they again exchanged their hobo suits for other garb.

Old King Brady examined the notebook in cipher and the knife which bore the name of Tom Jarvis.

Here were clues which were sweeping and conclusive.

He knew that it would take much time to clear up the cipher or find a key, so he put the diary aside for the time.

He turned to Young King Brady.

"Let us be off," he said.

"Where now?" asked the young detective.

"I think it will do no harm to pay the Spuyten Duyvil cabin one more visit. We may find something there."

"All right."

The two detectives were soon at the Grand Central Depot.

They took a train direct for Spuyten Duyvil.

When that station was reached they dropped off and started up the railroad track.

Once more they stood in the rocky cut and looked into the glen where the strange shanty was.

But this time they did not know whether Sheehan and Shafer were in the vicinity or not.

Nor did they care.

Old King Brady was determined to know, if possible, what the secrets of the cabin were. Somehow he felt a premonition that he would find some trace of the lost leather bag and its treasure there.

The detectives did not attempt to approach the cabin with any caution whatever.

Old King Brady led the way straight up to the door.

It was closed.

So were the ancient shutters.

The detective turned to his companion and said:

"Go around the other side. I will open this door if I can."

With this Old King Brady placed his hand on the latch. He lifted it and tried the door.

Then he was given an astounding surprise.

It yielded, the door swung back and in its place stood a man with a mask and in his hands drawn revolvers.

The revolvers covered Old King Brady completely and warned him that he must remain where he was.

His amazement was beyond expression.

This was unlooked for.

It was in the masked man's power to take his life at that moment.

But in spite of his deadly peril Old King Brady never once lost his nerve.

He remained motionless as a statue and gazed straight into the steel tubes.

For some seconds neither spoke. Young King Brady had vanished around the corner of the building.

"Who are ye?" finally the man with the mask asked.

"You know me well, Con Sheehan," said Old King Brady.

For the old detective knew the villain in spite of the mask.

"Old King Brady!" gasped Sheehan. "What do ye want here?"

The detective looked steadily at Sheehan and said:

"The leather bag stolen from Hodji Singh, the Hindoo, the night you, with Red Ellis, burglarized his apartments." Sheehan showed surprise.

"Leather bag!" he exclaimed. "I know nothing of it."

The detective knew that this might be true.

"It may be in this cabin," he said.

"It is not," replied Sheehan.

"We must enter and search."

"By what right?"

"The right of the law."

"Thar's nothin' in this cabin, Brady," said Sheehan positively; "only Jake Shafer an' I. We've been sleepin' here lately, that's all."

"Put up your pistols!"

"I reckon not," said Sheehan, with a grin. "Why, there ain't a crook in New York wouldn't like to see you done up, Old King Brady; an' that's what is goin' to happen to ye before I'm done with ye."

"Do you think so?" said Old King Brady, quietly. "I don't believe you want to sit in the electric chair. Put up your weapons."

"Jake," said Sheehan, speaking to his colleague in the cabin, "come here! I've got the old sneak just where I want him. Go out thar an' tie his hands."

At this Shafer came to the door. He pushed by Sheehan. There was a light of fiendish exultation in his eyes as he did so. He held a long rope in his hand.

"Keep him covered, Con," he said. "We'll have some fun with the old Tartar."

But the two villains were destined to speedily learn that they had in reality caught a Tartar.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE AFFAIR AT THE SHANTY.

Things looked dubious for Old King Brady at that moment.

But his captors did not know that Young King Brady was near at hand.

Here was a factor in the case upon which they had not reckoned.

The young detective had found the rear door of the cabin open.

Of course he softly entered.

Passing through the small rear room, he came into the front room and at once took in the situation from the rear.

He saw Old King Brady's plight.

It did not take him long to decide just what to do to relieve it.

Sheehan's back was turned to him. Shafer was just about to bind Old King Brady.

Quick as a flash Young King Brady made a leap forward.

He caught Sheehan's arms and threw him backward flat upon the threshold. Both revolvers went off.

Crack! crack!

But they exploded in air and the bullets sped harmlessly skyward. The weapons then were dashed from the ruffian's hands.

But just as the game seemed won for the Bradys an unfortunate incident changed the tide.

Young King Brady slipped and fell against the door. He was momentarily stunned.

Sheehan, not knowing what was behind him, and thinking only of a posse, fled like a frightened hare for the railroad track.

Shafer struck Old King Brady a stunning blow and also fled.

The two villains had gained the railroad before the detectives recovered.

They started toward New York at full speed. Young King Brady had now recovered and drawing his revolver opened fire on them.

Old King Brady sprang up and, now taking in the situation, cried:

"After them, Harry! I'll cut them off in the other direction."

The young detective needed no urging. He started after the villains.

Old King Brady knew that beyond a grove of trees the track took a bend. Here was a high trestle.

He could cross the ravine and head the villains off at the trestle. They would then be caught between two fires and ought to fall an easy prey to the detectives.

So the old detective dodged into the timber and crossed the ravine at full speed. But just as he reached the opposite side and was gaining the trestle he beheld a thrilling state of affair.

Young King Brady had chased the two villains onto the trestle. He was but a few yards behind them.

With his revolvers he covered them and shouted:

"Yield, you rascals! You are run down."

And indeed it looked so. They saw Old King Brady just gaining the other end of the trestle.

"They've cornered us, Jake," cried Sheehan, with a curse. "What shall we do?"

"Never give up!" gritted the black villain, as he turned in a hunted manner to face Young King Brady. Then several thrilling incidents followed in startlingly rapid succession.

On the timbers of the trestle lay some tools left there by a repairing gang. Among them Sheehan saw a chisel, a hammer, a hatchet and a number of iron bars.

Young King Brady was almost upon them. Black Jake had no weapon, but quick as a flash he picked up the heavy iron hammer and flung it at Young King Brady.

It struck the young detective in the chest and hurled him back.

In trying to recover himself he went over the edge of the trestle. Only one thing saved him from instant death on jagged rocks below.

Along the timbers of the trestle, two feet or more below the verge, there were stretched a number of telegraph wires.

The young detective clutched at these, lost his grip with his hands, but one leg caught over them, and there he hung, head downward.

Old King Brady had witnessed all this and now came at full speed across the trestle to assist him.

"Take the hatchet and cut the wire, Jake!" yelled Sheehan. "I'll hold the old 'un off all right."

The suggestion was adopted.

Murder seethed in the brain of each of the crooks.

Over the edge of the trestle Black Jake leaned. To cut the wire meant death to Young King Brady.

With a revolver Sheehan held Old King Brady at bay.

Never in his life had Young King Brady been nearer death. Down came the hatchet with fearful force.

But as luck had it, Shafer struck the wrong wire.

It parted with a snap.

But Young King Brady still hung between heaven and earth. Once more the black villain raised his hatchet.

But it never descended.

Old King Brady rushed upon Sheehan like an avalanche. The villain pulled the trigger of his revolver.

One fortunate fact alone saved the old detective then. The metallic cartridge missed fire.

The revolver was a cheap affair, Sheehan having lost his own at the cabin, and Shafer had given him this one.

So Old King Brady's life was saved by a scant margin.

The old detective struck out with his powerful right fist.

The blow took Sheehan in the temple and sent him reeling against Shafer just as the black villain was about to strike again at the wire to which Young King Brady yet hung.

It changed affairs in an instant.

The hatchet again missed aim and Shafer, in his effort to save himself from falling, dropped it.

It went down to the ravine's bottom, while Old King Brady threw himself flat on the trestle and reached down to assist the young detective.



Had it not been for this, which the old detective recognized as his first duty, there was no doubt but that the two villains would have been bagged then and there.

But as it was they were able to take advantage of the opportunity and fly. They got off the trestle and dodged into the timber beyond the ravine while Old King Brady was helping Young King Brady back onto the trestle.

Both detectives were disappointed.

Of course they renewed the pursuit, but the crooks managed to give them the slip in the woods. The chase was over for that day.

After a long quest Old King Brady said:

"Too bad! They've got away from us, Harry."

"What shall we do?" asked the young detective, who was keenly disappointed.

"Own up to defeat, that's all."

"It was my fault in being so clumsy as to fall."

"Not at all. That was an accident. We ought to be thankful that you were not killed."

"Dear me! I am at a loss now what to do," said Young King Brady, disconsolately.

"But I am not."

"Ah, what is our best plan?"

"We will go back to the cabin now and ransack it. I feel sure that we will find something there."

"Good! I had not thought of that," cried Young King Brady.

So they again set out for the cabin.

It did not take them long to get there. The door was still ajar and there was every evidence that nobody had been there since they left.

Old King Brady entered.

The interior of the shanty bore the same appearance that it did the first time the detectives had examined it.

It had no appearance of permanent occupation. The floor was partly ripped up and the walls were mouldy and damp.

But despite this the detectives proceeded to make a very close and careful search.

The result was that the very thing which they had overlooked in the former search was now easily seen.

Under a pile of flooring, carelessly heaped, stone steps were seen. Removing a few planks, these steps were disclosed as leading down into a cellar.

All was darkness in this cellar.

Old King Brady turned the slide of his dark-lantern, which he now lit. Then he flashed its rays downward.

The walls and cement floor of the cellar were revealed.

The detective went down the slippery steps and Young King Brady followed him.

In the cellar, however, nothing was at first seen to warrant an assumption that the crooks had used it as a rendezvous or hiding place for their ill-gotten gains.

Old King Brady went carefully over the walls, looking for a possible crevice or secret door.

"I can't see it," he said in a dubious way. "If the rogues have hidden their plunder here, where is it?"

"It is queer that Sheehan and Shafer should hang out here so much," said Young King Brady.

"True enough. Let us look this cement floor over."

The rays of the lantern were now turned upon the floor. Very carefully the detectives searched the cellar floor; but not a crevice was found, until finally Old King Brady reached a corner where the stone wall of the cellar made an angle.

And here he made a surprising discovery.

There were marks which seemed to indicate that this stone had often been moved from its present position.

The detective placed his hand upon it and with a slight effort rolled it aside.

An aperture was revealed just about large enough to admit a man's body.

Old King Brady turned to Harry.

"Look here, lad," he said; "you are younger and more slender. See if you can crawl in there."

"All right."

Young King Brady took the dark-lantern and crawled into the place. Throwing the lantern rays ahead, he was astounded with the discovery made.

A square chamber underground was revealed.

It held a great number of boxes and trunks and its walls were hung with blankets and rugs.

There were also heaps of valuables, furs and fancy silks and satins, bric-a-brac and vertu, articles such as the skilled burglar would select as valuable.

This was the hiding place for the spoils gotten by Sheehan and Shafer.

It was a thieves' storehouse and a most secure one, too. That the Bradys had discovered it reflected great credit upon them.

Into the place Young King Brady crept.

Then Old King Brady followed him.

The two detectives took in the scene with wonderment and interest.

"Well," exclaimed the old detective, "they are a slick crowd, and they certainly haven't been idle all these years. They have many thousands of dollars' worth of goods here."

"By Jove, I should say so!" cried the young detective. "Do you suppose the leather bag with its million is here?"

"We can only tell by looking," said Old King Brady, "and that we will now proceed to do."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BIRD ESCAPES.

So the two detectives proceeded to carefully ransack this storehouse of the two thieves, Sheehan and Shafer.

They opened boxes and bags and overhauled everything in the place.

They searched crevices and corners and left no hole unexplored. But it was all in vain.

Many clues to noted robberies were found, but no trace of Tom Jarvis' bag or the million in currency.

This was evidently not in the place.

Old King Brady was satisfied.



"That settles it," he said. "Red Ellis alone knows where the million is. These chaps, Sheehan and Shafer, do not."

"And Red Ellis can tell if he chooses."

"Certainly."

"How can we induce him to do so?"

"We cannot. He will not."

"Then I don't see anything before us but defeat," said Young King Brady.

"We are stuck just now," said the old detective, "but we are not beaten. We have Ellis safe enough. The man we want now is Hodji, the Hindoo."

"Ah, then you think he is the fellow who beguiled Jarvis into making off with the million?"

"I believe more than that!"

Young King Brady looked up.

"May I ask what?"

"I believe the Hindoo is the murderer."

"The murderer?"

"Yes."

"Of whom?"

"Of Tom Jarvis."

Young King Brady whistled.

He was astonished.

"That's a new assumption," he said. "I thought we had assumed that Jarvis must have been in collusion with the Hindoo and that both are guilty."

"Certain developments have disenchanted me of that idea," said Old King Brady.

"Then you really think Jarvis was murdered and that Hodji is the guilty one?"

Old King Brady nodded.

Young King Brady was thoughtful a moment. Then he lifted his head quickly.

"Right!" he cried. "I think the same."

Old King Brady smiled.

"You see the point?"

"I do!"

"We will go back to New York. I shall put Hodji behind bars at once."

"And this stuff here?"

"We will wire Central Office to send men up here to recover it and advertise for its owners."

"Good! Let us go back to New York at once."

Old King Brady consulted his watch.

It was past six o'clock.

The day had come to a close.

Darkness would soon be at hand.

The two detectives rapidly made their way to Spuyten Duyvil station. Old King Brady had decided upon heroic treatment of the case now.

He knew that Red Ellis was safe. Sheehan and Shafer he would soon round up. But he was convinced that Hodji was the murderer of Tom Jarvis.

He would arrest the Hindoo at once.

Behind bars he would be safe.

If left at liberty there was no telling what harm he might do. Old King Brady believed firmly that he had sufficient evidence to convict Hodji.

Again, finding himself behind bars, Hodji might break down and confess.

In any event, Old King Brady was determined to arrest the Hindoo palmist.

He also believed that a search of the Hindoo's rooms would yield fruit. But the time had not yet come for that.

Leaving the Grand Central station on arriving in New York, the two detectives made their way over to Sixth avenue.

The street lamps were just beginning to glimmer along the thoroughfares of the great city.

People were hurrying home from work and the sidewalks were thronged with a surging mass of human beings.

Through the crowd the detectives pushed their way.

They kept on rapidly until the red glass globe over the entrance to Hodji's den was seen.

It was not yet lit.

Old King Brady noted this fact.

It caused him a queer premonition.

However, he quickly entered the little hallway and ascended the stairs. Young King Brady was close behind him.

They knocked at the door of the Oriental studio. There was no response.

Several times Old King Brady rapped.

Then he tried the door.

It was locked.

"Humph!" exclaimed the old detective. "He evidently is not in."

At this moment a man put his head out of a door across the hall. The sign on the door read:

"Professor Leon, Chiropodist."

"Are you looking for the palmist?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Old King Brady.

"Well, he's not here any more."

"Not here?"

"No; he's gone away and left his rent unpaid for four months. Nobody knows where he is."

"But he cannot have taken his effects with him. I was here myself yesterday."

"Law, no, sir! The effects are held by his landlord, who was in here only an hour since, sir. I reckon the palmist business hain't paid very well lately."

Then Professor Leon slammed his door.

Old King Brady looked at Harry.

"Out of it again," he said.

"You're right," agreed the young detective. "How do you suppose he got the alarm?"

"It's my fault."

"Yours?"

"Sure."

"How do you make that out?"

"Do you remember the diary in cipher which I took last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I ought to have left it. He discovered of course that one of us went into the next room. He saw that the diary was gone. His scent is as keen as that of a fox. He guessed at once that we were detectives, and he has skipped and left us in the lurch."



He stared at the old detective.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I said."

"Prison bars must yield?"

"Just so."

"You mean that Red Ellis must be given his liberty?"

"I do."

Young King Brady echoed the reply.

"That is the only way."

"But," said the Chief, "how will that result in recovering the lost million dollars?"

"Just this way," said Old King Brady. "The very moment that Red Ellis gets his liberty he will——"

Before the old detective could finish, the door of the Chief's office swung open.

Half a dozen men crossed the threshold.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Chief. "I am engaged at present, gentlemen. If you will kindly seat yourselves in the ante-room I will be at liberty shortly."

"That will not be necessary," said the foremost of the visitors, whom the Chief, as well as the detectives, now recognized as District Attorney Wells, "as these two gentlemen, the Bradys, are the very persons we wish to have present in our conference with you."

"In that case," said the Chief, glancing at the detectives, "I will waive my discussion with them until you have stated your errand."

Behind the District Attorney came President Chase, Cashier Davis and four or five directors of the People's Bank.

They bowed to the Two Bradys as the Chief made introductions.

Then the District Attorney at once opened statement of their business there.

"Thousands of people are interested in the mysterious case of Tom Jarvis," he said, "and President Chase and the directors of the bank have resolved to offer a reward of fifty thousand dollars for the recovery of the million dollars and knowledge of the fate of poor Jarvis. Now the purpose of our visit here to-day is to discuss with you the possibility of some plan for the solution of the mystery."

The Chief bowed politely.

"I am no less interested than you are," he said. "I can do no better than to refer you to these gentlemen, the Two Bradys, who have all but brought the mystery to light."

Every eye was now upon Old and Young King Brady.

"Is that true?" cried President Chase, eagerly. "I feel sure that the Bradys can win if any can."

"Let us hear the result of your labors, gentlemen," asked the District Attorney.

"I can give you that, as I have it all here in notes, just as given me by Old King Brady a few moments ago," said the Chief.

And with this he read the details to the assembled company.

A decided sensation was created.

"Then all that is necessary is to force a confession from this Ellis," cried Chase, "and then the Hindoo can be run down later."

"To draw a confession from Ellis is a positive impossibility," said Old King Brady.

The faces of all fell.

"Not even with a promise of commutation of sentence?" asked the District Attorney.

"That is no inducement to him."

A lengthy discussion now followed.

All sorts of theories were advanced.

And the learned company were obliged to own that they were stumped. After a full hour of argument to no purpose, it occurred to the District Attorney to turn to Old King Brady and ask:

"By the way, Brady, can you suggest a plan?"

The old detective nodded.

A dead silence reigned in the room.

"I can," he said emphatically.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "What is it, may we ask?"

"If it can be adopted it will result in a positive solution of all."

"But can it not be adopted?"

"That remains with you and the Chief, as well as the warden of the Tombs prison, to decide. It may be properly called a heroic measure, but nevertheless it is necessary and alone will win."

The assembled company listened with wonderment to this statement.

"Will you kindly explain?"

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady. "The first move is to set the prisoner, Red Ellis, free."

The District Attorney stared.

"Set him free?"

"Yes."

"And undo half the case? He is the thief who alone knows where the million dollars is hidden. Why make the sacrifice? Again, who has the right or the power to transgress the law so far as that? Not even the warden, nor I, nor even the judge on his bench. The duty of all of us, from Governor down to judge, to attorney, to warden—our sworn duty is to hold a criminal to the amenities of the law. Under all circumstances it would be malfeasance in office. The man does not live with the legal right to set Red Ellis free."

This was true.

A profound silence ensued.

It was a critical moment.

Old King Brady bowed.

He made a slight gesture.

"I know all that as well as you," he said. "Did I not call it heroic action?"

"I should say so. We would all be making criminals of ourselves."

"So be it," said the old detective. "I have often played thief myself to catch a thief, and thereby I subverted justice. You must antidote one poison with another to overcome its deadliness."

"Tell me," asked the District Attorney, "what would be gained by setting Ellis free?"

"All!"

"How so?"



It was all plain enough.

The detectives were more than chagrined.

It seemed the greatest in and out case they had ever tackled.

Old King Brady had been sure of his bird up to that moment.

Of course Hodji would take care to put a good safe distance between him and New York after this.

He might even be on his way to Europe.

It seemed to at once and effectually dispose of him as a factor in the case.

He must recognize at once the futility of his attempts to recover the lost million now.

While Old King Brady was disappointed, yet he knew that this would not balk them in their attempt to recover the missing million.

Red Ellis alone knew where this was.

Some powerful lever must be brought to bear to force him to divulge the secret.

Old King Brady was not yet prepared to say what this should be.

But for the present he was resolved to, if possible, learn what Hodji had left behind him in his den.

He tried the door again.

Then he examined the lock.

With the Bradys time was an important factor. It would take time to find the landlord with his keys, and when found he might object to the entrance.

So Old King Brady said:

"There's more than one way to skin a cat. Hold your dark-lantern, Harry."

The young detective produced his dark lantern and held its rays to the keyhole.

Then Old King Brady drew a number of skeleton keys from his pocket.

He easily fitted one of these and in a few moments the bolt shot back with a click.

The old detective swung the door open and entered the Oriental den.

Young King Brady followed him. They closed the door behind them.

It was but a moment's work to turn on and light the gas.

Everything in the place was turned topsy-turvy. It was evident that the Hindoo had left in a hurry.

The two detectives went through the place, carefully examining everything. But they did not at once find a clew of value.

Every corner and crevice was searched, the hangings and tapestries were examined and the furniture as well.

Suddenly Young King Brady picked up a brass button.

It was such as a Postal Union or other messenger might wear upon his coat.

Its surface bore the impression of an interlaced wreath with the word "Messenger" in plain letters.

That this might have come from the coat of Tom Jarvis looked plausible. Yet of course it was not certain.

However, the detectives preserved it as another bit of evidence. Then after some further quest they left the place.

It was quite useless to attempt to trace the absconding

Hindoo. He was sharp and shrewd enough to cover his tracks.

The two detectives went straight to the office of the Chief of the Secret Service.

The Chief welcomed them with warmth and surprise, not unmixed with curiosity.

"Is it possible, Brady, that you condescend to come and see me?" he cried in a badgering tone. "I can say that you are a great stranger."

"I have had nothing to report," replied Old King Brady.

"But you have now?"

"Yes."

The Two Bradys seated themselves and Old King Brady gave the Chief a complete account of the details of the case.

"We have not bagged our birds yet," he said, "and we may never get the real criminal, whom I believe to be Hodji Singh. But we have fathomed all parts of the case save one, and you may consider that the most important."

"And that is——"

"The fate of Tom Jarvis."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"No."

"Have you any theory?"

"None, save that the Hindoo in some manner decoyed him to a mysterious death. Of one thing we are sure: The million dollars as contained in the messenger's bag was at one time in the possession of Hodji."

"Ah, then, you think that Red Ellis is the only person living to-day who can tell where the lost million is?"

Old King Brady nodded.

"I do," he replied.

The Chief was thoughtful.

"Can you think of any way to cause Ellis to divulge?" he asked.

"He will remain in Sing Sing for life, or even go to the death chair, before he will confess."

"He is a stubborn fellow."

"He is a born criminal."

"You know him well?"

"I do."

The Chief drummed on the table.

"Well," he said finally, "matters seem to be in statu quo. Can you suggest a plan for relief?"

The old detective placed a hand in his pocket and drew out a big plug of tobacco. He took a liberal bite of it.

This was his habit when confronted with an unusually difficult problem.

Masticating the tobacco for a few moments, he looked the Chief shrewdly in the face and said:

"Yes; there is a way to do it, but prison bars must yield before it can be brought about."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A DARING PLAN.

The Chief of the Secret Service was more than astonished by this assertion.



The old detective's eyes struck fire. He was eloquent as he replied:

"The moment Red Ellis emerges from the Tombs and into freedom—that moment the insatiable greed of man for gold will seize him. He will go straight to the spot where the million is secreted and possess himself of it.

"But not for an instant will he be lost from the keen scent of sleuths who will follow him as the needle follows the magnet, and as sure as he will be to recover the million so sure will the prison bars again close over him and the money be returned to its rightful owners. In this way, gentlemen, and in no other, save it be a great chance discovery, will the million dollars stolen from Tom Jarvis ever be recovered."

The very originality and astounding daring of this plan held the company present spellbound. It took them some while to fully grasp the enormity of the scheme.

A long consultation followed.

President Chase coincided with Old King Brady. So did the chief. But the District Attorney appeared to be a timid man.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "There is no parallel for such an act. Think if it failed! We should all be ruined!"

"The very essential fact that so much would be at stake would in itself be a sufficient safeguard against failure," said Old King Brady.

"How easy for Ellis to outwit you!"

"He could not. Even allow that he did for a time. He could not employ so much money to advantage without discovery. The million itself would so turn his head that he would be easily entrapped."

"I agree with Mr. Brady," said Mr. Chase. "The records show that men of his class plunge into folly and excess when fortune overtakes them."

"That is true!" cried the chief.

"Well," cried Wells. "Outline your plan, Mr. Brady! How would you go to work to get Ellis out of the Tombs and give him his freedom and not incur public censure as well as legal ruin?"

"The plan is very simple," replied the old detective. "It may be held confidential to the last degree by the police justice, the court officers, the warden, you and I and all present."

"Well!"

"Now, Ellis is entered at headquarters as plain Frank Ellis. He is committed simply on the charge of assault. There is as yet no indictment. Mr. Chase need not appear. The police justice may simply fine Frank Ellis for assault and set him free. A Tombs lawyer may be employed to skilfully engineer it all and deceive him as well. He will be railroaded out, and——"

"If he never comes back?"

"We shall all be liable for at least carelessness in duty in letting a criminal escape indictment. We must take the chance."

It was certainly a daring and novel plan which Old King Brady proposed.

Yet it was logical.

The old detective believed that before it could become known that Ellis was really given his freedom by a legal

trick he would be back again, with the million dollars recovered.

Success would smother criticism, for a happy ending in public estimation always justifies risky means.

The chief and Mr. Chase were delighted with Old King Brady's plan, and supported it warmly.

Indeed, the District Attorney himself had only scruples for his personal safety and honor. But finally he set these aside and heartily fell in with the plan.

The next thing was to swear all present to secrecy. Then the District Attorney promised to enlist the police justice and the warden in the case.

Two days passed.

Nothing was heard of Hodji, the Hindoo, and the Two Bradys kept low. All this while a shrewd lawyer of the class which hang about the Tombs for criminal cases was at work ostensibly for Ellis.

The latter never suspected that this flashy young lawyer was no other than the detective Young King Brady.

The young detective visited the criminal in his cell and indulged in endless legal verbiage and espoused his cause warmly.

"They've no case against you at all," he said confidentially. "I've freed lots worse than you. They're holding you for simple assault. That's only to hold you. I'll have your case called and get you off with a fine before they know what has been done. See?"

Of course the warden pretended to be short-sighted.

So when the long line of simple drunks and petty thieves filed down to the court room of the police justice Frank Ellis was in the number.

He sat quaking in the dock, fearful that the ruse would be discovered.

But his keen lawyer stayed by him and in a short while he was called up. A brief statement, a plea of guilty, and the justice said sharply:

"Twenty dollars' fine, or two months at Blackwell's!"

Of course Ellis paid the fine and was hustled out of the Tombs by the pseudo lawyer.

Young King Brady got into a carriage with him and they drove to Harlem. Here Ellis knew of a quiet house where he claimed he could lie low for a day or two.

"Then get out of New York," admonished his lawyer. "And don't come back here. You're safe at present."

Ellis paid the fee of fifty dollars and vanished into the house, which Young King Brady knew was a prime resort for crooks. For two days Ellis laid low. When he finally emerged from concealment the sleuth-hounds were on his track.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ROGUE AT LIBERTY.

Of course we know that this very clever scheme of Old King Brady's to secure the freedom of Red Ellis could never have been worked without the confederation of the warden, the keeper, the police justice and all officers connected with the most famous of American prisons.



There is no such laxity in any department of the Tombs management as would have permitted of the release otherwise.

It must be understood, therefore, that confidence in the Bradys was unbounded.

No detectives in the Secret Service were more highly regarded.

None doubted but that they would succeed in their scheme. The bank directors were exultant.

The prospect of recovering the million was certainly lighter. But the Bradys had hot work before them.

Night and day they shadowed the House of Crooks in Harlem.

Early in the morning of the second day a man emerged from that den.

He was tall and powerfully built and his face was muffled in a scarf. He walked rapidly away up St. Nicholas Avenue.

Occasionally he looked back over his shoulder to make sure that he was not followed.

He saw nobody who looked suspicious.

But that did not count.

He was followed, just the same.

He climbed the long roadway and bridge to the summit of Columbia Heights. He kept straight on toward the Hudson River.

Down the great decline he went until he reached the tracks of the Hudson River Railroad. Then he made his way northward.

He kept along on the railroad track steadily. For hours he walked on.

Suddenly, as he was turning a bend in the track, where a high ledge hung over it, two men leaped out of a crevice.

He halted and trembled like a wind-blown leaf. The fugitive's eyes held a deadly light of desperation.

He would not be taken alive.

A revolver flashed in his hand.

But he did not use it.

The two men who faced him laughed loudly and hoarsely. One of them cried:

"Oh, ye needn't be afraid of us, Reddy. Ye're all right."

"Con and Jake!" gasped the crook.

"That's who it is!"

Sheehan and Shafer faced Ellis.

They had not met since Ellis had parted company with them to make the attack on the life of Mr. Chase.

Ellis put up his revolver.

His face cleared.

"Ye gave me a great fright," he said. "I thought it was those bloodhounds, the Bradys."

Shafer and Sheehan gave a start of alarm in their turn.

"The Bradys!" cried Sheehan with a curse. "Have ye seen them?"

"No; but I'm only just out of ther Tombs by a trick of smart young lawyer," declared Ellis. "I know the Bradys will be hot after me when they find it out."

"What are they after ye for?"

"Oh, it's on account of that bank messenger's case. Ye know the leather bag I took from the Hindoo's place?"

"Sure!"

"Well, there was a million dollars in it."

Shafer and Sheehan exchanged glances.

"That's all right," they said. "We knew that right along and have been trying to work a gag to git ye out of the Tombs."

"Eh?" said Ellis suspiciously. "How do I know that?"

"Ye kin take our word fer it."

"What are ye doin' here?"

"We've been tryin' to make the shanty without bein' seen by the detectives and recover some of the swag there."

"Are ther detectives onto ther shanty?" asked Ellis.

"Sure!" And with this Shafer and Sheehan described their experiences with Old King Brady and his young protegee.

Red Ellis listened nervously.

It was evident that he was much wrought up with fear. He paced the track uneasily.

"Well," he said, "what are you chaps goin' to do now?"

"We're goin' along with you," said Sheehan.

An ugly leer disfigured Ellis' face.

"No, you ain't!" he said, with a black oath.

"We ain't?"

"Not much!"

"What's wrong? Ain't we pals?"

"Not now!"

"Where are you goin'?"

"That's my affair. I'm playin' a lone hand now, an' when I feel that way," said Ellis with an ugly grin, "I'm best not to be meddled with."

Sheehan and Shafer seemed much disconcerted. They exchanged glances, and Black Jake rejoined:

"That ain't no way to do, Red. We've been friends to you, an' now you've struck luck you oughtn't to turn us down!"

"Struck luck!" exclaimed the crook. "What do ye mean?"

Sheehan and Shafer looked significant.

"I hope ye don't think we don't know all about the leather bag and ther million, Red. We're dead onto ye. You're the only man in New York knows whar thet million is hid!"

Red Ellis' face was livid.

He trembled with fury.

"Wall," he said savagely, "an' what if I do? Do ye want to dispute it?"

"No," said Jake obsequiously. "But we want to be counted in. We're still pals and count on a square deal. We want a share in that million."

Red Ellis knew that his former pals were onto him, and that it was not going to be an easy matter to set them aside.

He was determined, in his stubborn, bulldog fashion, to share his luck with no one. A murderous feeling rankled in his bosom.

All the way up the railroad track Ellis had never dreamed that he was shadowed.

When he turned a bend in the track two shadowy forms flitted up to that bend. In the open country they kept well out of sight under the sandy embankment.

But when they saw the two confederates, Sheehan and Shafer, appear they were surprised as well as disappointed.



"Confound those rascals!" cried Young King Brady. "They will spoil it all. Ellis will never divulge to them the hiding place of the million dollars."

Ellis regarded his two former pals through half shut eyes. Mechanically his hand traveled toward his pistol pocket.

But quick as a flash Sheehan covered him with his own pistol.

"Easy, Red," he said coldly. "I've got the drop, and cold lead talks. You can't drop us yet."

"Look here," said Ellis in a wheedling manner. "Thar ain't no million in that bag. Thar's not a hundred thousand. The Hindoo took it out. Now, I'll own up to give ye five thousand each. Thet's square."

Sheehan laughed scornfully.

"Do ye think we're fools, Red?" he cried. "We know ther seal on thet bag warn't broke by ther Hindoo. One-half, or fight!"

Ellis hesitated. Then with a crafty gleam in his eyes he said:

"All right! You shall have half. But it's agreed ye'll go yer own way an' not foller me?"

"We agree to it," said Shafer.

"All right, then," cried Ellis, starting along the track. "Ther money ain't far from here. Wait until I come back an' ye shall have it."

Ellis started to walk away up the track, but Sheehan cried:

"Hold on! We'll go with ye!"

The face of the crook darkened and he gnashed his teeth. But he did not demur.

Up the track the three crooks now went. Soon they came to a cut where the track left the river bank and crossed an arm of land or promontory jutting out into the Hudson.

Half way through this cut there was an overhead bridge.

A road led down to a long-disused landing. The abutments of this bridge were of stone.

High up the bank and where the timbers rested on the stone abutments there was an aperture under the planks.

Ellis put his arm into this aperture.

When he drew his arm out he held in his hand a large and heavy leather bag. It was the very bag which Tom Jarvis had carried from the bank that day.

The Two Bradys were watching all this like hawks.

Nearer they rapidly crept, under cover of the embankment. It was a critical moment.

Ellis held the bag up, while his confreres regarded it with wolfish eyes. The expression on his face was hard and set.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GAME BAGGED.

Ellis held up the bag.

"Open it," said Sheehan hoarsely. "I never saw a million dollars. Let's have a look at it."

"Open it!" cried Shafer.

"Hold yer hosses!" said Ellis with white, set face. "Ye all get a look at it."

With this he broke the seal.

But the lock would not yield.

Tom Jarvis had the key when he left the bank that day. Where it was now it was not easy to say.

But Sheehan pulled out a knife.

With one slash he cut a great aperture in the leather. Out upon the sands tumbled a number of packages and money.

With cries more like wild beasts than men Sheehan and Shafer went down upon their knees and began to scramble for the packages.

What followed was thrilling and could be averted by no human power. Like a fiend incarnate Ellis' tall form swayed over them.

He had grasped a heavy iron spike from the roadbed and quick as thought he dashed it down upon Sheehan's skull.

Shafer had hardly time to turn his head when he received a stunning blow.

"There, curse ye!" shrieked Ellis in insane fury. "Ye got yer deserts fer tryin' to rob me. The million is mine, all mine, and it'll buy me a title in a foreign land. I quits with America forever."

He knelt down and began stuffing the packages and money back into the bag.

He was just about to rise when a hard voice sounded close to his ear:

"The game is up, Ellis. You must not attempt resistance."

Ellis looked into the muzzle of a revolver. Behind him was Old King Brady's eye, looking him through a crack in the wall.

"The devil!" he gasped. But just then Young King Brady thrust handcuffs over his wrists.

Neither Sheehan nor Shafer were more than knocked senseless. They even showed signs of revival.

But Young King Brady placed handcuffs on them. Their capture was complete.

Three of the most notorious crooks in Gotham, together with the lost million of the People's Bank, were in their hands. No wonder the Bradys were jubilant.

And just at that moment a distant whistle was heard.

Young King Brady ran far up the track. He pulled off his coat and standing between the rails flagged the train.

As it chanced, two Central Office detectives were aboard, returning from Albany.

They assisted in bringing the prisoners aboard, and the train went on its way.

A tremendous sensation was created among the passengers when it was learned that the Two Bradys with the lost million of the People's Bank were aboard.

When New York was reached Red Ellis with Sheehan and Shafer were taken to the Tombs.

The lost million was recovered. The fate of Red Ellis was now of little comparative interest.

When the news reached headquarters tremendous excitement was created. Not the least delighted of any was District Attorney Wells.



the bag of currency was delivered to President Chase and the Bradys themselves. Instantly a meeting of the detectors was called and the fifty thousand dollars reward paid to the two detectives.

But the question of the fate of honest Tom Jarvis was a mystery.

It was believed that only one man in the world lived who could tell this.

This was Hodji, the Hindoo.

His whereabouts none knew.

Upon leaving his Sixth avenue door that night Hodji taken with him only such things as were to him of the greatest essential value.

Old King Brady yet had the diary in cipher. The detectives conferred with the landlord.

The latter proved a man reasonable to talk with.

He had been much interested in the Jarvis case from the first.

He agreed to leave everything untouched in the Hindoo's apartments for a time.

Then the two detectives haunted the place with the assumption that the Hindoo would venture to revisit the scene of his evil-doings.

If he had murdered Tom Jarvis he had certainly done something with the body.

Matters would be simplified if this could be found.

Old King Brady worked hard on the cipher of the Hindoo's diary. He found that it was of a simple form.

But yet he could not quite connect the letters, though he did manage to guess at some of the passages in the book. One of them he made out to read thus:

"Thirty-six hours is the usual period for complete obliteration. Mix with lime decomposing fluid, and then——"

The translation here stopped. Nothing more could be deduced.

The old detective racked his brain for similes. In vain he studied.

He could not connect this entry in any manner with the mystery of the disappearance of Tom Jarvis.

But it was most directly connected, and time was to prove it.

Incidents were now evolved thick and fast.

The detectives haunted the Sixth avenue rooms on the theory that a murderer always returns sooner or later to the scene of his crime.

And so it happened that one evening a slender figure slipped beneath the red globe and entered the narrow hallway.

He wore a long, full, white beard, and his frame was enveloped in a long and enfolding cloak.

Old King Brady was in a doorway across the street.

Young King Brady leaned against a lamp post at the corner of the street. He heard Old King Brady's whistle. Instantly he joined him.

"What's up?" he asked.

"The bird has come."

The young detective experienced a thrill.

"Where is he?"

"He has just passed into the place."

To say that both detectives were now eager and excited

would be a correct and mild statement. They hovered in the doorway for a while.

Then, satisfied that all was clear for them, they flitted across the street. In a moment more they were in the narrow hallway.

Like noiseless shadows they climbed the stairs. In the dim light it was seen that the studio door was open.

Then Old King Brady silently glided through the door.

Young King Brady followed.

They were in the reception room. From one room to another they went. They met with disappointment.

"He has slipped us," said Young King Brady. But at that moment the old detective caught a glimpse of a section of the partition between this room and the one beyond.

An aperture was revealed.

He went forward and examined it. A sliding door revealed a space between the partitions extending downward. A cleat ladder was affixed to the studding beams.

Old King Brady listened.

No sound came from the depths below.

He was determined to know the mystery of this den of the Hindoo, so he took a desperate chance and proceeded to make descent into the place.

Down he went, hand over hand.

Young King Brady waited a moment and then followed the old detective.

Down the cleat ladder the detectives made their way slowly.

Suddenly Old King Brady's feet touched earth. He was in utter and absolute darkness.

Young King Brady had now struck the bottom of the ladder.

Then a system of telegraphy passed between the detectives. It was a system devised and practised by them alone.

It was executed by means of hand pressure and the interlocking of fingers.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Young King Brady.

"Nothing."

"Is he here?"

"It is impossible to say yet."

"If he is here he must be aware of our presence also."

"I should say so!"

"What had we better do?"

But Old King Brady had now decided upon a heroic move.

If Hodji was in the place there was no doubt but that he had heard the detectives descending.

Moreover, he would not submit to arrest without resistance. All advantages lay with him.

But Old King Brady pulled out his lantern and opened the slide.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A GREWSOME DISCOVERY.

The result was that the rays of the lantern showed a dead wall of stone not a foot from the lantern.

The detective moved the focus of the lantern about and



this wall gave way to an angle and showed a narrow passage leading in two directions, to the right and left.

At the end of the passage on each side was a closed door.

But no sign of Hodji.

The detectives were puzzled.

If the Hindoo was in the place, beyond which door would he be found? This was the question.

Old King Brady crept to the right.

He applied his ear to the door.

A faint rustling sound was heard beyond it. It might be the Hindoo, or it might be a rat.

The sound was not repeated.

Old King Brady resolved to know.

He pushed gently on the door.

It yielded easily.

As it swung quickly back he sent the rays of the dark-lantern from one part of the cellar chamber to the other.

But no living occupant was there.

The place was exactly like any cellar, with walls of stone, mouldy, earthen floor, and nothing was in it except an old lime barrel.

The detective whispered to Young King Brady:

"Watch the other door!"

Then he proceeded to make a quick and hasty examination of the cellar.

He went quickly around it with his hands against the wall.

There was no other door, no window nor aperture that might admit a rat.

All was carefully plastered and chinked.

Old King Brady kept close to the wall.

This was his salvation.

He came back to the starting point.

Then he flashed the lantern's rays up to the ceiling. This was in the nature of flooring. He saw the outlines of a trap or drop door.

"Ah!" he muttered. "I wonder where that opens to, or what is beyond it."

He marked the spot.

Then it occurred to him to inspect the earthen floor.

He flashed the lantern's rays across the centre of the cellar floor. And as he did so he was given a mighty start.

In the centre of the earthen floor was plainly seen the square lines of an excavation which had been refilled.

What was more, the interior of this refilled excavation bore a strange whitish-streaked color.

The detective bent down and scanned the surface closely.

Then he reached forward and touched the strange material. It trembled like jelly.

He could not repress a shiver.

"Quicksand!" he thought. "That is queer. It has been prepared."

But not yet satisfied, he took up a handful of the material.

Then he made an astounding discovery.

The earthen color of the surface of the excavation was created by a thin coating of mould scattered on the surface of lime held in solution.

"A lime pit!"

The old detective was thrilled.

He drew back with a gasp of horror.

A terrible inkling of the whole truth came to him. He was nigh unmanned by the awful revelation.

For what other purpose could Hodji, the scheming Hindoo, have constructed this pit of death than the absolute destruction of all traces of a terrible crime?

A body thrown into the lime pit would be wholly destroyed in a short space of time.

Not the slightest vestige of it would be left to reveal the crime.

Had the villain disposed of the body of his victim, To Jarvis, in this manner? It was a horrible thought.

Young King Brady now appeared.

The two detectives conversed again by means of the secret telegraphy.

"What do you think of this discovery?" asked Old King Brady.

"Horrible!" replied Young King Brady. "Do you think Jarvis' body is at the bottom of this pit?"

"Indications point that way."

"How shall we know?"

"If it has not been entirely destroyed traces of it will be found in the bottom of the pit."

"No time should be lost, then, in removing the lime."

"Just so!"

"Do you think Hodji is about here?"

"I do not. He has undoubtedly given us the slip."

"The wretch!"

The two detectives now turned their attention to the door at the other end of the passage. It was firmly barred and fastened.

There was no way of breaking it down without heavy tools. However, Old King Brady was resolved to know what was beyond it.

On the floor above was the store of a small grocer.

It might be his cellar.

And, indeed, as the detectives were trying the door they heard sounds beyond it and a man's voice.

Old King Brady called loudly and an answer came. He was speedily learned that this was the truth.

The cellar in front had no connection whatever with the cellar in the rear which had been so securely closed and used by Hodji.

The Two Bradys now decided upon quick action.

They returned to the rooms above.

Then Old King Brady went to the nearest signal box with the aid of a patrol officer called for aid from the quarters.

Officers came, and the place was quickly infested. The investigation of the lime quickly followed.

Workmen quickly broke down the door from the grocer's cellar.

Then they brought shovels and buckets and began moving the lime. In the cellar were found bottles of corrosive acids and chemicals, which had doubtless been united with the lime.

Only faint traces of the body were found.

A disintegrated section of a skull and a few finger bones. This was all.

But it was enough.



Old King Brady remembered the pocket knife with Jarvis' name on it and the button he had found upstairs, and believed he had enough evidence to convict Hodji.

It was evident that the Hindoo was the murderer of Tom Jarvis.

Only the burglary of his rooms by Ellis, Sheehan and after had balked him in securing the million, and prevented his forever covering up all traces of the crime.

The fate of Tom Jarvis was proved to the satisfaction of the detectives.

But the case was not finished.

The murderer was at large.

The detectives could not consider their work fully done until he had been corralled and brought to justice.

Certainly the Two Bradys were entitled to overwhelming credit for the manner in which they had brought the mystery to a solution.

Only a few days before it had been deemed utterly unfathomable.

But now the murder was out.

The murderer was located.

Hodji, the Hindoo, was the guilty party. He must be n to earth.

The Bradys did not linger long on the scene after the lime pit was emptied. They at once began to exert every endeavor to get track of the villain.

Old King Brady was possessed of that strange faculty which may be regarded as almost akin to second-sight, of guessing or divining the course pursued by the escaping criminal.

He knew that the Hindoo was an adroit and cunning master of deception.

He put himself in the Hindoo's place.

"I would not risk taking a European steamer," said Old King Brady, "for detectives are at every pier.

"I would not venture to openly take a train for Canada or the West, for every depot is under surveillance. I would simply walk into the country and take a train at some small station.

"Now, the safest way to walk out of New York City is up the New York and Boston tracks. At New Rochelle, Cos Cob, or even Stamford, it might be safe to get aboard a local train. I would not take an express."

Of course Old King Brady accepted this conclusion at a venture.

It might fail, or it might prove true. He could see no more logical or safe course for the villain to pursue.

So he said to Young King Brady:

"He has four hours' start. We ought to go at least as far as New Haven by express train. Then we will watch every local as it comes in."

"Make it Providence," said Young King Brady. "It will be surer."

"All right. Providence it shall be."

So the two detectives went at once to the Grand Central and bought tickets for Providence by express train.

It was in the early morning hour that they rolled into city.

They breakfasted in the depot.

No local train arrived that they did not carefully inspect. A half dozen of them came in.

But finally one which a passenger might have boarded at Cos Cob or Greenwich came booming in.

In an instant the detectives sighted their man.

He was in the smoker forward and he was looking out of the window.

But the instant they saw him he also saw them.

What followed was startling.

Old King Brady rushed for one end of the car and Young King Brady for the other.

But Hodji rushed for the door. He was quicker and leaped from the other side of the train.

Luck was with him.

He passed within a hair's breadth of the front of a passing locomotive and train. It intervened between him and his pursuers.

They were compelled to wait, and this gave him a start.

He dodged across the tracks and around freight cars. He made his way toward the freight yard and in the direction of Pawtucket and East Providence.

As soon as the intervening train had passed the detectives were quickly after their man.

It was a hot chase.

Young King Brady, on account of his youth, was a better sprinter than the old detective, and gained rapidly on the Hindoo.

The latter saw this, and his face whitened with fear.

He had endeavored to out-distance his pursuers on the railroad track. He now changed his tactics.

Suddenly leaving the track, he dodged among a collection of storage sheds. Some of these were filled with baled hay and barrels of flour and grain.

Turning the corner of one of them and being momentarily out of sight he sprang through a broken window and made his way into the hay-piled loft.

It was a capital hiding place.

The detectives passed by the window and around the building. They made a detour through several dark alleys.

But their game had given them the slip. He was nowhere to be seen.

Baffled they were finally compelled to come to a stop. It looked as if they were beaten.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RUN TO EARTH.

It was a shrewd trick of the Hindoo's, to seek a hiding place in the hay loft of the storage warehouse.

For a time it puzzled his pursuers.

Old King Brady studied the matter in his shrewdest fashion. Finally he said:

"The fox has run into a hole!"

"Do you think so?" asked Young King Brady dubiously.

"Of course. He was pretty well exhausted. He could not slip us in any other way."

"Then you think we had better not go on?"



"If we do we lose him."

"But if he is not hiding here if we don't go on we lose him."

"We're off the track anyway."

"You are right."

"We have just as good a chance to find him lurking about these warehouses as any. I think we had better stay here."

So it was decided.

Old King Brady now like a true sleuth-hound went back a ways on the scent.

He knew that Hodji had dropped from sight immediately on rounding the hay warehouse. He looked here for a renewal of the last scent.

And with the true cunning of a born tracker of men he found it.

He came to the broken window.

There were marks of muddy feet on the sill. He signaled to Young King Brady.

"We've got him!"

The two detectives now proceeded to study out a plan for drawing their game from his lair. The warehouse had a low shed for an ell, or extension.

This shed had a flat roof.

Over the roof was a window leading into the hay loft. Old King Brady pointed to this window and said:

"One of us must go up there and drive the fox out from that end while the other waits to bag him when he comes out."

"Do you think he is armed?" asked Young King Brady.

"Undoubtedly."

"I will go up on the roof. I am younger and better able to climb."

"Very well."

So Young King Brady quickly clambered up on the roof of the shed. Soon he reached the hay loft window.

Old King Brady watched the exits below. Quickly the young detective fulfilled his part.

He climbed in at the window. As far as he could see the great scaffolds held bales of hay.

Silently the young detective made his way among these bales. Suddenly he saw a dark form crouched against a pile of the bales.

Crack!

The zip of a bullet tingled against the young detective's ear. He sank down instantly behind a bale.

Crack!

Another bullet struck the bale and was stopped by it. Then Young King Brady opened fire.

Crack!

Crack!

Shots were hotly exchanged and not a howl of pain came from the lips of Hodji.

Then he leaped up and began to run to the next scaffold.

His ammunition was exhausted.

Young King Brady realized this chase.

The end was near.

The Hindoo's purpose now seemed to be the building and once more flee for his life.

He leaped from one scaffold to another. Brady was close behind him.

In this way they were not long in reaching the floor. Then the Hindoo hurled himself through the door.

It yielded and he went reeling out into the street.

And into the arms of Old King Brady.

In an instant the old detective had his man and a most desperate struggle followed.

Hodji was slender and of an effeminate build, but he fought like a maniac.

But Old King Brady was a hard man.

He finally got his grip, and that was the end of the criminal career of Hodji Singh, the Hindoo.

Old King Brady threw him heavily to the ground.

And there he held him until Young King Brady came.

Handcuffs were quickly placed on the Hindoo. He was helpless. But even then he foamed at the mouth.

He fumed madly.

But in vain. His career was ended.

An hour later he was aboard a New York train with the two detectives. In due time he rested.

Before Hodji went to the death chamber he made a full confession of the crimes he had committed.

Jarvis, who was honest, but a trifle foolish, had

visited Hodji once in his den to have him hypnotized.

The palmist, learning the nature of the hypnotism, there and then conceived the plan of using it for his own

pation, there and then conceived the plan of using it for his own means of hypnotic influence at such times as he desired.

A large sum in his care.

How well the scheme worked and how far it went, nothing more remained for the Two Brads to discover.

Nothing more remained for the Two Brads to bring to a successful ending this, one of the most able "in and out" cases of their detective career.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' HARD FIGHT; OR, AFTER THE PULLMAN CAR CROOKS," which is number (6) of Secret Service.



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